A Faire Quarrell.

With new Additions of M. *Changbs* and *Trimtrams* Roaring, and the Bauds Song.

As it was Acted before the King, by the Prince *his Highnesse Servants.*

Written by *Thomas Midleton*, and *William Rowley*, Gent.

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TO THE NOBLY DISposed, Vertuous, and Faithfull-breasted,

ROBERT GREY Esquire, one of the Groomes of his Highnesse Bed-Chamber, his poore Well-willer, wisheth his best Wishes. *Hic & Supra.*

Worthy Sir,

THIS but a Play, and a Play is but a Butt, against which many shoot many Arrowes of Enuy, 'tis the weaker Part, and how much more noble shall it be in you to defend it, yet if it be (as some Philosophers haue left behind 'um) that this Megacosme, this great world, is no more then a Stage, where euery one must Act his Part, you shall of necessitie haue many partakers, some long, some short, some indifferent, all some, whilst indeed the Players themselues haue the least part of it, for I knew few that haue lands, (which are part of the World) and therefore no grounded men, but howsoeuer they serue for Mutes, happily they must weare good

cloathes for attendance, yet all haue exites, and muſt all be ſtript in the Tyring-houſe (Viz. the Graue) for none muſt carry any thing out of the ſtocke, you ſee Sir, I write as I ſpeake, and I ſpeake as I am, & thats excuſe enough for me. I did not mean to write an Epiſtle of praiſe to you, it lookes ſo like a thing, (I know) you loue not Flattery, which you exceedingly hate actiuely, and vnpleaſingly accept paſsiuely: indeed I meant to tell you your owne, that is, that this child of the Muſes is yours, who euer begat it, tis laid to your charge and (for ought I know) you muſt father and keepe it too, if it pleaſe you, I hope you ſhall not be aſham'd of it neither, for it has beene ſeene (though I ſay it) in good companies, and many haue ſaid it is a handſome pretty ſpoken infant, now be your owne iudge, at your leaſure looke on it, at your pleaſure laugh at it, and if you be ſorrie it is no better, you may be glad it is no bigger.

Yours euer,

William Rowley.

A Faire Quarrell.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Master Russell Solus.

Russell.

IT must be all my care; theres all my loue,
And that pulls on the tother, had I beene left
In a sonne behind me, while I had beene here
He should haue shifted as I did before him;
Liu'd on the freeborne portion of his wit:
But a daughter, and that an onely one, oh?
We cannot be to carefull ore, to tender,
Tis such a brittle niceneſſe: a meere cubbord of glaſſes,
The leaſt shake breakes, or crakes em; all my ayme is
To caſt her vpon riches: thats the thing
We rich men call perfection, for the world
Can perfect nought without it, 'tis not neatneſſe
Either in handsome wit; or handsome outside
With which one Gentleman (far indebt) has courted her,
Which boldnes he shall rue. He thinkes me blind,
And ignorant, I haue let him play along time,
Seem'd to beleeue his worth; which I know nothing.
He may perhaps laugh at my eaſie confidence
Which cloſely I requite vpon his fondneſſe:
For this houre snaps him; and before his miſtris
his Saint forsooth, which he inſcribes my girle,
He shall be rudely taken and diſgract,
The tricke will proue an euerlaſting Scarrow,
To fright poore gallants from our rich-mens daughters,

Enter the Lady Ager, with two ſeruants.

Sister? Iue such a ioy to make you a wel-come of,
Better you neuer taſted. *Lady* Good sir ſpare it not.

Ruff. Colonells come, and your ſonne Captaine *Ager*.

Lady. My ſonne!——*ſhe weepes:*

Ruff. I know your eye would be firſt ſeru'd,
Thats the ſoules taſter ſtill for griefe or ioy;

Lady. Oh if a mothers deare ſuit may preuaile with him,
From England; he ſhall neuer part agen.

Ruff. No queſtion he'le be ruld, and grant you that.

Lady. Ile bring all my deſires to that requeſt.

Exeunt Lady and her ſeruants.

Ruff. Affectionate ſiſter, ſhe ha's no daughter now,
It followes all the loue muſt come to him,
And he has a worth deſernes it, were it dearer.

Enter a friend of the Colonells, and another of Captaine Agers.

Colo. Friend. I muſt not giue way too't.

Ruff. Whats here to queſtion.

Col Fri. Compare young Captaine *Ager*, with the *Colonel*.

Cap. Fri. Yong? why, do you make youth ſtand for an imputation: that which you now produce for his diſgrace,
Infers his noblenes, that being yong
Should haue an anger more inclind to courage
And moderation then the *Colonell*:
A vertue as rare as chaſtitie in youth.
And let the cauſe be good, (conſcience in him
Which euer crownes his acts, and is indeed,
Valours proſperity) he dares then as much,
As euer made him famous that you plead for.

Col. friend. Then forbeare too long.

Cap. friend. His worth for me.

Ruff. Heres noble youths, belike ſome wench has croſt 'm, and now they know not what to doe with their blood.

Enter the Colonell, and Captaine Ager.

Colo. How now!

Cap. Hold, hold, whats the incitement,

Colo. So ſerious at your game, come, come, the quarrell.

Colo. fri. Nothing good faith ſir.

Colo. Nothing, and you bleed.

Col. fri.

Col. fri. Bleed, where, piſh, a little ſcratch by chance ſir.
Col. What need this nicenes when you know ſo well,
That I muſt know theſe things, and truely know 'em,
Your dainetines makes me but more impatient,
This ſtrange concealement frets me.
Col. fri. Words did paſſe
Which I was bound to anſwer, as my opinion
And loue inſtructed me, and ſhould I take in generall fame,
Into 'em, I thinke I ſhould commit no error in't.
Col. What words ſir, and of whom.
Col. fri. This Gentleman,
Paralel'd Captaine *Agers* worth with yours.
Col. With mine.
Col. fri. It was a thing I could not liſten to
With any patience.
Capt. What ſhould ayle you ſir,
There was little wrong done to your friend i'that,
Col. How? little wrong, to me.
Capt. I ſaid ſo, friend;
And I ſuppoſe tha you le eſteeme it ſo.
Col. Compariſons?
Capt. Why ſir? twixt friend, and friend,
There is ſo euen and leuell a degree
It will admit of no ſuperlatiue.
Col. Not in termes of man-hood?
Ruff. Nay Gentlemen.
Col. Good ſir giue me leaue, in termes of man-hood?
What can you diſpute more queſtionable?
You are a Captaine ſir, I giue you all your due.
Capt. And you are a Colonell, a title
Which may include with it many Captaines:
Yet ſir, but throwing by thoſe titular ſhaddowes,
Which adde no ſubſtance to the men themſelues;
And take them vncompounded, man and man,
They may be ſo with faire equalitie.
Col. Y'are a boy ſir. *Capt.* And you haue a Beard ſir.
Virginitie and marriage are both worthy,
And the poſitiue puritie there are ſome

Haue made the nobler.

Colo. How now? *Russ.* Nay good sir,

Capt. I shrinke not, he that goes the formost,
May be oretaken.

Colo. Death, how am I weighd?

Capt. In an euen ballance sir, a beard put in
Giues but a small aduantage: man and man
And lift the scales,

Colo. Patience shall be my curse
If it ride me further;

Russ. How now Gallants?
Beleeue me then, I must giue ayme no longer,
Can words beget swords and bring 'um forth, ha?
Come they are abortiue propagations;
Hide 'um for shame, I had thought Souldiers
Had bin musicall; would not strike out of time,
But to the consort of Drum, Trumps, and Fife:
Tis madman-like to daunce without Musique,
And most vnpleasing shewes to the beholders,
A Lydian ditty to a Dorick note
Friends embrace with steele hands? fie, it meets to hard,
I must haue those encounters heere debar'd,

Colo. Shall I loose heere what I haue safe brought home
through many dangers?

Capt. Whats that sir?

Colo. My fame,
Life of the life, my reputation,
Death? I am squar'd and measur'd out, my heights
Depths, breadth, all my demensions taken,
Sure I haue yet beyond your Astralobe
A spirit vnbounded. *Capt.* Sir, you might weigh.

Russ. Tush, all this is weighing fire, vaine and fruitlesse,
The further i runnes into argument
The father plung'd, beseech you no more on't,
I haue a little claime, sir, in your blood
As neare as the brother to your mother,
If that may serue for power to moue your quiet,
The rest I shall make vp with curtesie

And an Vncles loue. *Cap.* I haue done sir, but
Ruff. But I lle haue no more shooting at these buts,
Colo: Weele to pricks, when he please.
Ruff. You roue all still
Sir, I haue no motiue proofe to disgest
Your raisd choller backe into temperate blood
But if youle make mine age a councellor
(As all ages haue hitherto allow'd it)
Wisdome in men growes vp as yeares increase,
You shall make me blessed in making peace,
And doe your iudgement right,
Colo. In peace at home
Gray hayres are Senators: but to determine
Soldiers and their actions;

Enter Fitzallen and Iane.

Ruff. Tis peace heere sir,
And see, heere comes a happy Interim,
Heere enters now a Sceane of louing armes;
This couple, will not quarrell so;
Colo. Fri. Be aduised Sir,
This Gentleman *Fitzallen* is your kinsman,
You may orethrow his long labord fortunes
With one angry minute, tis a rich churle
And this his sole inheritrix, blast not
His hopes with this tempest.
Colo. It shall calme me,
All the townes coniurers and their *Demons*
Could not haue laid my spirit so,
Fitz. Worthy Cuz
I gratulate your faire returne to peace
Your swift fame was at home long before you;
Colo. It meetes (I hope) your happy fortunes heere
And I am glad int, I must salute your ioyes, cuz,
With a soulders encounter *Kisses her.*
Fitz. Worthy Captaine *Ager*,
I hope my kinsman shortly——
Ruff. You must come short indeed,

Or the length of my deuise will be ill shrunke,
Why now it showes finely, Ile tell you, sir,
Sir, nay sonne, I know it'h end, t'will be so.
Fitz. I hope so, sir.
Russ. Hope? nay tis past all hope, sonne,
Here has been such a stormy incounter,
Betwixt my cosen Captaine, and this braue Colonell
About I know not what, nothing indeed,
Competitions, degrees and comparatiues
Of Soldiership: but this smooth passage
Of loue has calmd it all, come Ile haue it sound,
Let me see your hearts combined in your hands,
And then I will believe th' league is good,
It shall be the grapes if we drinke any blood.
Colo. I haue no anger sir.
Capt. I haue had none,
My blood has not yet role to a quarrell,
Nor haue you had cause.
Colo. No cause of quarrell?
death? if my father should tell me so: *Russ.* Agen?
Fitz. Good sir, for my sake.
Colo. Faith, I haue done, Cuz,
You doe too hastily believe mine anger,
And yet to say, deminiting valour
In a souldier is no cause of quarrell.
Russ. Nay then Ile remoue the cause to kill th'effect:
Kinsman, Ile presse you roote, if either loue
Or consanguinity may moue you roote,
I must disarme you, though ye are a souldier,
Pray grant me your weapon, it shall be safe
At your regresse from my house, now I know
No words can moue this noble souldiers sword
To a man vndefenst so, we shall parle,
And safely make all perfect friends agen.
Colo. To shew my will sir, accept mine to you,
As good not weare it, as not dare to vse it.
Colo. friend. Nay then sir, we will be all exampled,
Weele haue no Armes here now, but louers armes:

Capt. friend.

Capt. friend. No seconds must begin a quarrell,
Take mine sir.

Ruff. Why Loe, what a fine Sun shines here? these
clouds my breath has blowne into another Climate,
He be your armourers, they are not paund,
These were the fish that I did angle for,
I haue caught 'em finely, now for my trick,
My proiect's lusty, and will hit the nick. *Exit with weapons.*

Colo. What, ist a match beauty? I would now haue
Aliance with my worthy Captaine *Ager*,
To knit our loues the faster; heres witnes
Enough if you confirme it now.

Iane. Sir, my voyce,
Was long since giuen, since that I gaue my hand.

Colo. Would you had seald too.

Iane. That wish comes too late,
For I too soone feare my delinery: (*aside*)
My fathers hand stickes yet, sir you may now
Challenge a lawfull interest in his,
He took your hand from your enraged blood,
And gaue it freely to your opposite
My Cozen *Ager*, me thinks you should claime from him,
In the lesse qualitie of calmer blood,
To ioyne the hands of two diuided friends,
Euen these two that would offer willingly
Their owne embrace.

Capt. friend. Troth, she instructs you well
Colonell: and you shall doe a louers part,
worth one braue act of valour.

Colo. Why, I did
misdoubt no scruple, is there doubt in it?

Fitz. Faith sir, delaies, which at the least are doubts,
But heres a constant resolution fixt,
Which we wish willingly he would accord to.

Colo. Tush, he shall doot, I will not be denyed,
He owes me so much in the recompence
of my reconcilement, Captaine *Ager*,
You will take our parts against your Vncle

In this quarrell?

Ager. I shall doe my best, sir,
Two denialls shall not repulse me, I love
Your worthy kinswan and with him mine, I know
He doubts it not. *Colo.* See, hee's returnd.

Enter Russell and a Servant.

Russ. Your qu.
Be sure you keepe it, twill be spoken quickly,
Therefore watch it. *Colo.* Lets set on him all at
Omnes, Sir, we haue a suite to you. (once.
Russ. What'all at once. *Omnes.* All, all, ifaith, sir.
Russ. On speaker may yet deliuer, say, say,
I shall not dare to stand out against so many,
Colo. Faith sir heeres a brabling matter hangs on demur,
I make the motion for all, without a fee
Pray you let it be ended this Terme.
Russ. Ha, ha, ha.
Thats the rascalls qu, and he has mist it. *a side.*
What is it? what is it sir?
Colo. Why sir, here's a man;
And heer's a woman; y'are scholler good enough,
Put 'am together, and tell me what it spells,
Russ. Ha, ha, ha, theres his qu once agen.

Enter Seruant.

Oh hees come, humh:
Serv. My master laughes, that's his qu to mischiefe,
Colo. What say you, sir
Serv. Sir. *Russ.* Ha? what say you sir? (you,
Serv. Sir, theres a couple desire speedily to speake with
Russ. A couple sir, of what, hounds, or horses?
Ser. Men sir, getlemen or yeomen, I know not which;
But the one sure they are.
Russ. Hast thou no other description of them.
Serv. They come with commission, they say, sir to
tast of your earth: if they like it, theyle turne it into
gunpouder.
Russ. Oh, they are Salt-peetermen, before mee
And they bring commission: the kings power indeed

They

They must haue entrance, but the knaues will be brib'd,
Theres all the hope we haue in Officers,
They were too dangerous in a common wealth,
But that they will be very well corrupted, necessary varlets,

Seru. Shall I enter sir?

Russ. By all faire meanes sir.
And with all speed sir, giue vm very good words,
To saue my ground vnrauisht, vnbroke vp,
Mines yet a virgin earth: the worme hath not beene seene,
To shriggle in her chast bowels: and Ide be loth
A Gunpowder fellow should defloure her now.

Colo. Our suit is yet delayd by this meane sir,

Russ. Alasse I cannot help it, these fellowes gone
(As I hope I shall dispatch vm quickly)
A few Articles shall conclude your suite,
Who? M. *Fitzallen*: the onely man
That my adoption aymes at. *Colo.* Theres good hope then.

Enter two Sergeants in disguise.

1. *Ser.* Saue you, sir.

Russ. You are welcome sir for ought I know yet,

2. *Ser.* We come to take a view & tast of your ground, sir,

Russ. I had rather feed you with better meat, Gentlemen,
But doe your pleasures, pray?

1. This is our pleasures, we arrest you sir, in the Kings name

Fitz. Ha! at whose suite? *Russ.* How's that?

Colo. Our weapons, good sir furnish vs. *Iane.* Aye me,

Russ. Stay, stay, Gentlemen, lets enquire the cause,
It may be but a trifle, a small debt,
Shall need no rescew here.

2. Sir betwixt three Creditors: M. *Leach*, M. *Swallow*, and M. *Bonesuck*, the debts are a thousand pounds.

Russ. A thousand pounds?
Be shrow me a good mans substance.

Colo. Good sir our weapons, weele teach these varlets to walke in their owne parti-colour'd Coats, that they may be distinguish't from honest men.

1. *Ser.* Sir, attempt no rescue, hee's our prisoner, you'le make the danger worse by violence.

 Colo.

Colo. A plague vpon your Gunpowder treason;
Yee quicke damb'd Varlets, is this your fait peter pooning,
Your casting earth, would you might neuer feed better,
Nor none of your Catchpole tribe:
Our weapons good sir, weele yet deliuer him.
Russ. Pardon me sir,
I dare not suffer rescue heere,
At least not by so great an accessary
As to furnish you; had you had your weapons,
But to see the Ill fate on't, my fine tricke I faith,
Let Beggers beware to loue Rich mens Daughters,
I'le teach 'um the new morrice, I learnt it
My selfe of another carefull Father.
Fitz. May I not be bayld?
2. *Ser.* Yes, but not with swords,
Colo. Slaues, heere are sufficient men;
1. *Ser.* I ith field,
But not in the Citty, sir, if this Gentleman
Will be one, wee'le easily admit the second.
Russ. Who I? sir, pray pardon me, I am wronged,
Very much wronged in this, I must needs speake it,
Sir, you haue not dealt like an honest Louer,
With me, nor my child, heere you boaste to me
Of a great reuenew, a large substance
Wherein you would endow and state my daughter,
Had I mist this, my opinion yet
Thought you a frugall man, to vnderstand,
The sure wardes against all necessities,
Boldly to defend your Wife and Family,
To walke vnmuffled, dreadlesse of these fleshhookes,
Euen in the daring'st streets through all the Cirty,
But now I find you a loose Prodigall,
A large vnthrift, a whole thousand pound?
Come from him girle, his indies not sound?
Fitz. Sir I am wronged,
Of some obscure enemies that I haue,
These debts are none of mine.
Russ. I all say so,

Perhaps

Perhaps you stand ingag'd for other men,
If so you doe, you must them call's your owne,
The like arrerage doe I run into,
Should I bayle you; But I have vow against it,
And I will keepe my vowes: that's religious.
Fitz. All this is nothing so sir.
Ruff. Nothing so?
By my faith it is sir, my vowes are firme,
Fitz. I neither owe these debts,
Nor engag'd for others.
Ruff. The easier is your liberty regained,
These appeare proofes to me,
Colo. Liberty sir?
I hope youle not see him goe to Prison,
Ruff. I doe not meane to beare him company
So far: but Ile see him out of my doores,
Oh sir, let him goe to Prison, 'tis a Schoole
To tame wild bloods, heele be much better sort,
Colo. Better for lying in Prison.
Ruff. In Prison,
Beleeue it many an honest man lies in Prison,
Else all the Keepers are knaues,
They told me so themselues.
Colo. Sir, I doe now suspect you have betrayd him,
And vs to cause vs to be weaponlesse,
If it be so y'are a blood sucking Churle,
One that was borne in a great frost, when charity
Could not stir a finger, and you shall dye
In heate of a burning feauer i'th Dog-dayes.
To begin your hell to you, I have said your grace for you,
Now get you to supper as soone as you can,
Pluto the Maister of the house is set already,
Capt. Sir you doe wrong mine Vncle.
Colo. Poxe on your Vncle,
And all his kin, if my Kinsman mingle
No blood with him.
Capt. Y'are a foule mouthd fellow,
Colo. Foule mouthd I will be, th'art the son of a whore,

Ha! Whore! plagues and furies Ile thrust that backe,
Or pluck thy heart out after, sonne of a whore!
Colo. On thy life Ile prouide,
Capt. Death I can indure,
Vncle, Ile giue you my left hand, for my sword,
To arme my right with; Oh this fire will flame me
Into present ashes,
Colo. Sir, giue vs Weapons,
We aske our owne, you will not rob vs of them?
Russ. No sir, but still restraine your furies heere,
At my dore Ile giue you them, nor, at this time
My Nephewes, a time will better suit you,
And I must tell you sir, you haue spoke sir ordes,
And 'gainst the law of armes poysoned blades
And with them wounded the reputation
Of an vnblemisht woman: would you were out of my dores.
Colo. Poxe on your dores, and let it run all your house ore,
Giue me my sword!
Capt. We shall meet *Colonel*?
Colo. Yes better prouided, to spur thee more,
I do repeat thy words, Son of a Whore. *Exit with his friend.*
Capt. fr. Come sir, 'tis no worse then 'twas a
You can doe nothing now. *Exit Capt. and his friend.*
Russ. No, Ile bar him now, away with that beggar, *Exit.*
Iane. Good sir, let this perswade you for two minutes stay
At this prise (I know) you can wait all day.
1. *Ser.* You know the Remora that staies our ship alwaies.
Iane. Your ship sinkes many when this hold lets goe,
Oh my *Fitzallen* what is to be done,
Fitz. To be still thine is all my part to be,
Whether in freedome or captiuity,
Iane. But art thou so ingag'd as this pretends?
Fitz. By heau'n, sweet *Iane* 'tis all a hellish plot.
Your cruell smiling father all this while,
Has candied o're a bitter pill for me,
Thinking by my remoue to plant some other,
And then let goe his fangs.
Iane. Plant some other?

Thou-

Thou hast too firmely stampt me for thine owne,
Euer to be rast our, I am not curraut
In any others hand; I feare too soone
I shall discouer it.

Fitz. Let come the worst,
Binde but this knot with an vnloosed line,
I will be still thine owne.

Iane. And Ile be thine.

1. Ser. My Watch has gone two minutes M.

Fitz. It shall not be renew'd, I goe sir, farewell.

Ia. Farewell, we both are prison'd, though not together;
But heers the difference in our luckelesse chance,
I feare mine owne, wish thy deliuerance.

Fitz. Our hearts shall hourely visit, ile send to thee, *Exit.*
Then tis no prison where the mind is free. *Fitz. with Officers.*

Enter Russell.

Russ. So, let him goe, now wench I bring thee ioyes,
A faire sun-shine after this angry storme:
It was my pollicie to remoue this begger:
What shall rich men wed their onely daughters
To two faire suites of cloathes? and perhaps yet
The poore Taylor is vnpaid; no, no my girle,
I haue a lad of thousands comming in;
Suppose he haue more wealth then wit to guid it:
Why, theres thy gaines, thou kep'st the keyes of all
Dispos'st all: and for generation,
Man does most fildome stampe 'um from the braine,
Wisemen begets fooles, and fooles are the fathers
To many wise Children. *Histeron, Prateron,*
A great scholler may beget an Ideot:
And from the plow tayle may come a great scholler;
Nay, they are frequent propagations.

Iane. I am not well, sir.

Russ. Ha? not well my girle?
Thou shalt haue a Physician then,
The best that gold can fetch vpon his foot cloath.
Thou knowest my tender pitty to thee euer,

Want nothing that thy wishes can instruct thee
To call for, fore me, and thou look'st halfe ill indeed,
But Ile bring one within a day to thee
Shall rouse thee vp: for hees come vp already,
One M. *Clough* a Cornish Gentleman:
Has as much land of his owne fee-simple,
As a Crow can flie ouer in halfe a day:
And now I thinke on't, at the Crow at Algate
His longing is: He shall so fur thee vp,
Come, come, be cheard, thinke of thy preferment,
Honour and attendance, these will bring thee health
And the way to vnrift to clime by wealth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Captaine Ager.

Capt. The Sonne of a Whore?
There is not such another murdring piece
In all the flocke of Calumny: it kills
At one report two reputations,
A mothers and a Sonnes: if it were possible
That soules could fight after the bodies fell,
This were a quarrell for 'em; he should be one indeed
That never heard of heauens ioyes, or hels torments
To fight this out: I am too full of conscience,
Knowledge and patience, to giue Iustice toot,
So carefull of my Eternity, which consists
Of vpright actions: that vnlesse I knew
It were a truth I stood for, any Coward
Might make my breast his footepace, and who liues
That can assure the truth of his conception,
More then a mothers carriage makes it hopefull.
And ist not miserable valour then,
That man should hazard all vpon things doubtfull
Oh there's the crueltie of my fors aduantage,

Could

Could but my ſoule reſolue my cauſe were iuſt,
Earth's mountaine, nor ſeas forge ſhould hide him from me,
Ee'ne to hells threſhold would I follow him,
And ſee the ſlanderer in before I left him,
But as it is it feares me, and I neuer
Appeard to conſcionably iuſt till now:
My good opinion of her life and Vertues,
Bids me goe on, and faine would I be ruld by't,
But when my iudgement tels me ſhees but woman,
Whoſe frailtie to let in death to all mankind,
My valour ſhrinkes at that, certaine ſhees good,
There onely wants but my aſſurance in't,
And all things then were perfect, how I thirſt for't,
Heere comes the onely ſhee that could reſolue,
But 'tis too vild a queſtion to demand indeed.

Enter the Lady Ager.

La. Sonne I'ne a ſuite to you.
Capt. That may doe well,
To me good Madame, you're moſt ſure to ſpeed in't.
Beet i'my power to grant it,
La. Tis my loue
Makes the requeſt, that you would neuer part
From *England* more,
Capt. With all my heart tis graunted,
I'me ſure Ime i'th way neuer to part from't,
La. Where left you your deare friend the Colonel?
Capt. Oh the deare Colonel, I ſhould meet him ſoone,
La. Oh faile hi n not then, hees a Gentleman
The fame and reputation of your time
Is much engadg'de to.
Capt. Yes, and you knew all mother.
La. I thought Ide knowne ſo much of his faire goodnes,
More could not haue bin look't for.
Capt. O yes, yes Madam,
And this his laſt exceeded all the reſt.
La. For gratitudes ſake let me know this, I pre thee.
Capt. Then thus, and I deſire your cenſure freely,
Whether it appeard not a ſtrange noble kindnes in him.

Lady. Trust me I long to heare,
Capt. You know hees hasty,
That by the way.
Lady. So are the best conditions
Your Father was the like.
Capt. I begin now
To doubt me more, why am not I so too then,
Blood followes blood through forty generations,
And I vse a slow pace't wrath, a shrewd *Dilemma*,
Lady. Well, as you were saying sir,
Capt. Marry thus good Madame,
There was in company a foule mouthd villaine, stay, stay,
Who should I liken him to, that you haue seene,
He comes so neere one that I would not match him with,
Faith iust a'th Colonels pitch, hees nere the worse man,
Vserers haue bin compard to Magistrates,
Extortioners to Lawyers, and the like,
But they all proue nere the worse men for that,
Lady. Thats bad enough, they need not,
Capt. This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breaths from the rottenes of his gall and malice,
The foulest staine that euer mans fame blemisht,
Part of which fell vpon your honor Madame,
Which heightned my affliction.
Lady. Mine? my honor sir?
Capt. The Colonel soone inrag'd,
(As hees all touch-wood)
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrell his,
Appoynts the Field, my wrath could not be heard
His was so high pitcht, so gloriously mounted,
Now whats the friendly feare, that fights within mee,
Should his braue noble Fury vndertake,
A cause that were vniust in our defence,
And so to loose him euerlastingly,
In that darke depth where all bad quarrells sinke,
Neuer to rise againe, what pitty twere,
First to dye heere and neuer to dye there.

Lady

Lady. Why whats the quarrel, speak sir, that should raise
Such fearefull doubt, my honour bearing part on't?
The words what ere they were?
Capt. Son of a whore.
La. Thou lyest, & were my loue ten thousand times more
Which is as much now, as ere mothers was, (to thee,
So thou shouldst feed my anger. Dost thou call
That quarrel doubtfull? where are all my merits, *Strikes him.*
Not one stand vp to tell this man his error.
Thou might'st as well bring the Sun's truth in question,
As thy birth, or my honour.
Capt. How blessing crowne you for't,
It is the ioyfull'st blow that ere flesh felt.
Lady. Nay stay, stay sir, thou art not left so soone,
This is no question to be slighted of,
And at your pleasure clokde vp fayre agen,
As though you'de neuer touchd it, no honour doubted,
Is honour deepely wounded, and it rages
More then a common smart, being of thy making.
For thee to feare my truth, it kills my comfort,
Where should fame seeke for her reward, when he
That is her owne by the great tye of bloud,
Is fardest off in bounty. O poore goodnes!
That only pay'st thy selfe with thy owne works,
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me pray,
Which of my louing cares dost thou requite
With this vilde thought? which of my prayers or wishes
Many thou owest me for, this seauen year hast thou known me
A widdow, onely married to my vow: (me
Thats no small witnesse of my faith and loue
To him that in life was thy honord Father,
And line I now to know that good mistrusted.
Capt. No, t'shall appeare that my beliefe is cheerefull,
For neuer was a mothers reputation
Noblyer defended, tis my ioy and pride,
I haue a firme to bestow vpon it.
Lady. Whats that you said sir?
Capt. Twere too bold, and soone yet

To craue forgiuenesse of you. I will earne it first,
Dead or aliue, I know I shall enioy it.
Lady. Whats all this sir?
Capt. My ioyes beyond expression:
I doe but thinke how wretched I had been,
Were this another's quarrell, and not mine.
Lady. Why, is it yours?
Capt. Mine! Thinke me not so miserable,
Not to be mine: then were I worse then abiect,
More to be loathde then vilenes; or sins dunghill:
Nor did I feare your goodnes (faithfull Madame)
But came with greedie ioy to be confirmde in't,
To giue the nobler onset, then thines valour,
And admiration from her fixt Sphere drawes,
When it comes burnisht with a righteous cause,
Without which I me ten sadomes vnder coward,
That now am ten degrees aboue a man,
Which is but one of vertues easiest wonders.
Lady. But pray stay; all this while I vnderstood you,
The Colonel was the man.
Capt. Yes, hee's the man,
The man of iniury, reproach and slander,
Which I must turne into his soule again.
Lady. The Colonell doo't, thats strange.
Capt. The villaine did it:
Thats not so strange;——your blessing and your leaue.
Lady. Come, come, you shall not goe.
Capt. Not goe; were death
Sent now to summon me to my Eternity,
I'de put him off an howre: why the whole world
Ha's not chains strong enough to bind me from't:
The strongest is my Reuerence to you,
Which if you force vpon me in this case;
I must be forc'st to breake it.
Lady. Stay I say.
Capt. In any thing command me, but in this Madame.
Lady. Lasse, I shall loose him, you'le heare me first.

Capt.

Capt. At my returne I will.

Lady. Youl'e neuer heare me more then.

Capt. How?

Lady. Come backe I say:
You may well thinke theres cause I call so often.

Capt. Hah, cause! what cause?

Lady. So much, you must not goe.

Capt. How?

Lady. You must not goe.

Capt. Must not, why?

Lady. I know a reason for't,
Which I could wish you'd yeeld to, and not know.
If not, it must come forth. Faith, do not know,
And yet obey my will.

Capt. Why I desire
To know no other then the cause I haue,
Nor should you wish it, if you take your iniury
For one more great, I know the world includes not.

Lady. Yes, one that makes this nothing—yet be rulde,
And if you vnderstand not, seeke no further.

Capt. I must, for this is nothing.

Lady. Then take all,
And if amongst it you receiue that secret
That will offend you, though you condemne me,
Yet blame your selfe a little, for perhaps
I would haue made my reputation sound,
Vpon an others hazard with lesse pitty;
But vpon yours I dare not.

Capt. How?

Lady. I dare not,
'Twas your owne seeking; this.

Capt. If you meane euilly
I cannot vnderstand you, nor for all the riches
This life has, would I. *La.* Would you neuer might.

Capt. Why, your goodnes, that I ioy to fight for.

Lady. In that you neither right your ioy nor me.

Capt. What an ill Orator has vertue got here?

Why, shall I dare to thinke it a thing possible
That you were euer falſe?
Lady. Oh fearefully!
As much as you come to.
Capt. Oh silence, cruell one!
I'ue felt a deadlier wound then mad can giue me, falſe?
Lady. I was betrayde to a moſt sinfull howre
By a corrupted soule I put in trust once,
A Kinswoman.
Capt. Where is she? let me pay her,
Lady. Oh! dead long since,
Capt. Nay, then sh'as all her wages:
Falſe, do not say't, for honors goodnes doe not,
You neuer could be so, he I calde Father,
Deſerud you at your beſt, when youth and merit
Could boaſt at higheſt in you, y'ade no grace,
Or vertue that he matcht not, no delight
That you inuented, but he ſtrait it crownde
To your full willing soule.
Lady. That helpes my guiltineſſe,
Capt. Oh, were you ſo vnhappy to be falſe,
Both to your ſelfe and me, but to me chiefly,
What a dayes hope is here loſt, and with it
The ioyes of a full cauſe? Had you but thought
On ſuch a noble quarrell, you'd ha dyed
Ere you'd ha yeelded, for the ſins hate firſt,
Next for the ſhame of this howres cowardize:
Curſt be the heate that loſt me ſuch a cauſe,
A worke that I was made for. Quench my ſpirit,
And out with honors flaming lights within thee:
Be darke and dead to all reſpects of manhood;
I neuer ſhall haue vſe of valour more:
Put off your vow for shame, why ſhould you hoarde vp
Such Iuſtice for a barren widdowhood,
That was ſo iniurious to the faith of wedlocke. *Exit Lady.*
I ſhould be dead, for all my lifes workes ended,
I dare not fight a ſtroke now, nor engadge

The

The noble reſolution of my friends.

Enter two friends of Captaine Agar.

That were more vilde. They'r here, kill me my ſhame,
I am not for the fellowſhip of honour.

1. *Friend.* Captaine, fie, come ſir, we haue been ſeeking for
Very late to day, this was not wont to be, (your
Your enemies ith field,

Capt. Truth enters cheerefully.

2 *Friend.* Good faith ſir y'aue a royall quarrell one,

Capt. Yes, in ſome other Country, *Spaine or Italy*
It would be held ſo.

1. *Friend.* How, and iſt not here ſo?

Capt. Tis not ſo contumeliouſly receiude
In theſe parts, and you marke it,

1. *Friend.* Not in theſe?
Why prithee what is more, or can be?

Capt. Yes,
That ordinary Commotioner the lye
Is Father of moſt quarrels in this Clymate,
And held here capitall, and you go to that.

2. *Friend.* But ſir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your owne for it, *Some of a Whore,*
Why theres the Lye downe to poſterity.
The lye to brithe, the lye to honeſty,
Why would you couzen your ſelfe ſo, and beguile
So braue a cruſe, Manhoods beſt Maſter peece,
Doe you euer hope for one ſo braue agen.

Capt. Conſider then the man Colonell,
Exactly worthy, abſolutely noble,
How euer ſpleene and rage abuſes him,
And tis not well, nor manly to purſue
A mans infirmity.

1. *Friend.* O miracle!
So hpefull, valiant and dempleate a Captaine,
Poſſeſt with a tame deuill, come out, thou ſpoileſt
The moſt improude yong ſouldier of ſeuth kingdomes,
Made Captaine at nineteene, which was deſerude

The yeare before, but honor comes behind still,
Come out I say, this was not wont to be,
That spirit neuer stood in need of prouocation,
Nor shall it now. Away sir.

Capt. Vrge me not.

1. *Friend.* By Manhoods reuerend honor but we must.

Capt. I will not fight a stroake.

1. *Friend.* O blasphemy
To sacred valour!

Capt. Lead me where you list.

1. *Fr.* Pardon this trayterous slumber, clogd with euils.
Giue Captaines rather wiues then such tame diuels.

Exeunt.

Enter Physitian and Iane.

Ph. Nay Master, you must not be couer'd to me,
The Patient must ope to the Physitian
All her dearest sorrow: Art is blinded else,
And cannot shew her mysticall effects.

Iane. Can Art be so dimsighted, learned sir?
I did not thinke her so incapacious:
You traine me (as I guesse) like a Coniurer,
One of our fiue Oraculous wizards,
Who from the help of his Examinant,
By the neare guesse of his suspition
Appoints out the thiefe by the markes he tels him:
Haue you no skill in Phisiognomie:
What colour (sayes your coat) is my disease?
I am vnmarried, and it cannot be yellow,
If it be Mayden greene, you cannot misse it.

Ph. I cannot see that *vacuum* in your blood:
But Gentlewoman, if you loue your selfe,
Loue my aduise, be free and plaine with me,
Where lyes your griefe?

Ian. Where lyes my griefe indeed?
I cannot tell the truth where my griefe lyes,
But my ioy's imprisond. *Ph.* This is mysticall.

Ian. Lord, what plaine questions you make problemes of,

Your

Your Art is such a regular high way
That put you out of it, and you are lost:
My heart is imprison'd in my body, sir:
Theres all my ioy, and my sorrow too,
Lyes very neere it.

Ph. They are bad adiuncts,
Your ioy and griefe lying so neare together,
Can propagate no happy issue, remoue
The one (and let it be the worst) your griefe,
If you'le propose the best vnto your ioy.

Ian. Why, now comes your skill; what physicke for it?

Ph. Now I haue found you out, you are in loue.

Ian. I thinke I am; whats your appliance now?
Can all your Paracelsian mixtures cure it,
'T must be a Surgeon of the Ciuill Law.
I feare that must cure me.

Phy. Gentlewoman,
If you knew well my heart, you would not be
So circuler, the very common name
Of Physitian might reproue your niceneſſe,
We are as secret as your Confessors,
And as firme oblig'd, tis a fine like death
For vs to blab.

Iane. I will trust you, yet sir,
I had rather doe it by Atturney to you,
Else haue blushes that will stop my tongue,
Haue you no friend so friendly as your selfe
Of mine owne Sexe, to whom I might impart
My sorrowes to you at the second hand.

Phy. Why law, there I hit you, and be confirmde,
Ile giue you such a bosome counsellour,
That your owne tongue shall be sooner false to you,
Make your selfe vnreadie, and be naked to her:
Ile fetch her presently. *Exit Physitian.*

Iane. I must reueale
My shame will else take tongue, and speake before me,
Tis a necessitie impulsiue driues me:

Ch.

Oh my hard fate: but my more hard father,
That Father of my fate, a father said I?
What a strange Paradoxe I run into,
I must accuse two fathers of my fate
And fault, a reciprocall generation,
The father of my fault would haue repaird
His faulty ifle, but my Fates father hinders it:
Then Fate and fault, where euer I begin,
I must blame both, and yet 'twas loue did sinne.

Enter Physitian, and Anne his sister.

Phy. Looke you Mistres, heres's your closet put in,
What you please, you euer keep the key of it.
Iane. Let me speake priuate, sir.
Phy. Withall my heart,
I will be more then mine eares length from you.
Iane. You hold some indeared place with this Gent.
An. Hees my brother forsooth, I his creature,
He does command me any lawfull office
Either in act or counsell.
Iane. I must not doubt you,
Your brother ha's protested secresie,
And strengthned me in you: I must lay ope
A guilty sorrow to you: I am with child,
Tis no blacke Swan I show you, these spots sticke
Vpon the face of many goe for maides,
I that had face enough to doe the deed,
Cannot want tongue enough to speake it: but tis to you,
Whom I accept my helper.
Anne. Mistris, tis lock'd
Within a Castle that inuincible,
It is too late to wish it were vndone.
Ia. I haue scarce a wish within my selfe so strong
For vnderstand me, tis not all so ill,
As you may yet conceit it: this deed was done
When heauen had witnes to the lugall knot,

Onely

Onely the barren ceremonie wants.
Which by an aduerſe Father is abridged.

Anne. Would my pittie could helpe you.

Iane. Your counſell may.
My Father yet ſhootes wideſt from my ſorrow,
And with a care indulgent ſeeing me chang'd
From what I was, ſends for your good brother
To find my griefe, and practiſe remedie:
You know it, giue it him, but if a fourth
Be added to this counſell: I will ſay
Ye are worſe then you can call me at the worſt,
At this aduantage of my reputation.

Anne. I will reuiue a reputation,
That women long has loſt, ile keepe counſell.
Ile onely now obliege my teeth to you,
And they ſhall bite the blabber if it offer
To breath on an offending ſyllable.

Iane. I truſt you, go, whiſper, here comes my Father.

Enter Ruſſell, Chaugh, and Trimtram.

Ruſſ. Sir, you are welcome, more, and moſt welcome,
All the degrees of welcome: thrice welcome ſir.

Chaw. Is this your daughter, ſir?

Ruſſ. Mine onely ioy ſir.

Chaw. Ile ſhew her the Cornish hug, ſir,—I haue kiſt you now ſweet heart, and I neuer doe any kindneſſe to my friendes, but I vſe to hitte'am in the teeth with it preſently.

Trim. My name is *Trimtram* forſoorh, looke what my maſter does, I vſe to doe the like.

Anne. You are deceiud, ſir, I am not this Gentlewomans ſeruant to make your courteſie equall.

Chaw. You doe not know me Miſtreſſe,

Iane. No indeed, I doubt I ſhall learne too ſoone.

Chaw. My name is *Chaugh*, a Cornish Gentleman, my mans mine owne countriman too yfaith: I warrant, you tooke vs for ſome of the ſmall *Iſlanders*.

Iane. I did indeed, betweene the *Scotch* and *Iriſh*.

Chaw. Red-shankes? I thought so by my truth, no truely, we are right Cornish Diamonds.

Trim. Yes, we cut out quarrels, and breake glasses, where

Ph. If it be hidden from her Father, yet (we goe..
His ignorance vnderstands well his knowledge,
For this (I guesse to be some rich coxcombe)
Hee'de put vpon his daughter.

An. Thats plainely so..

Ph. Then only sheet's beholding to our helpe:
For the close deliuerie of her burden,
Else all's ouerthrowne..

An. And pray be faithfull in that, sir.

Ph. Tush, we Physitians are the truest
Alchymists, that the *ore* and *drosse* of sinne,
Can new distill a Mayden-head agen.

Russ. How doe you like her sir?

Chaw. Trot, I doe like her sir in the way of comparison, to any thing that a man would desire. I am as high as the Mount in loue with her alreadie, and thats as far as I can go by land but I hope to go further by water with her one day.

Russ. I tell you sir, she has lost some colour,
By wrastling with a peeuish sickenes now of late.

Chaw. Wraslte? nay and she loue wraslting, Ile teach her a tricke to ouerthrow any peeuish sicknes in *London*, what ere it bee..

Russ. Well, she had a rich beautie though I say't,
Nor is it lost; a little thing repayres it.

Chaw. Shee shall commaund the best thing that I haue in yfaith. (*Middlesex*,

Russ. Well sir, talke with her, giue her a relish
Of your good liking to her, you shall haue time
And free accesse to finish what you now begin,

Iane. What meanes my father? my loues vniust restraint,
My shame were it publisht, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious foole:
Now I see why he hated my *Fitz-Allen*.

Chaw. Sweet Lady, your father sayes you are a wraslter,

if

if you loue that sport, I loue you the better. Ifaith I loue it as well as I loue my meate after supper, tis indeed meate, drinke and cloth to me.

Iane. Me thinkes it should teare your clothes, sir.

Chaw. Not a rag yfaith: *Trustram* hold my cloake,—Ile wrastle a fall with you now, Ile show you a tricke that you neuer saw in your life.

Iane. Oh good sir forbeare, I am no wrastler.

Ph. Good sir take heed, you'le hurt the Gentlewoman.

Chaw. I will not catch beneath the waste beliene it, I know fayre play.

Iane. Tis no womans exercise in *London*, sir.

Chaw. I'le nere beliene that, the hug and the locke betweene man and woman, with a faire fall, is as sweete an exercise for the bodie, as you'le desire in a sommers euening.

Ph. Sir, the Gentlewoman is not well.

Chaw. It may be you are a Physitian, sir.

Ph. Tis so, sir.

Chaw. I say then, and ile stand too't, three ounces of wrastling with two hippes, a yard of a greene gowne put toghther in the Intourne, is as good a medicine for the greene sicknesse as euer breathd.

Trim. Come sir, take your cloake agen, I see here will be nere a match.

Iane. A match? I'de rather bee matcht from a Muskets mouth, and shot vnto my death.

Chaw. Ile wrastle with any man for a good supper.

Trim. I marry sir, ile take your part there, catch that catch (may.

Ph. Sir, she is willing too't. There at my house,
She shall be priuate, and neare to my attendance,
I know youl not mistrust my faithfull care,
I shall returne her soone and perfectly.

Ruff. Take your charge sir, go with this gentleman (*Iane*,)
But prithee looke well this way, ere thou go'st,
'Tis a rich Simplicitie of great Estate:
A thing that will be rul'd, and thou shalt rule,
Confider of your sexes generall ayme.

That domination is a womans heauen.

Ian. I'le thinke on't sir.

Russ. My daughter is retiring, sir.

Chaw. I will part at *Dartmouth* with her, sir, Oh that thou didst but loue wrastling, I would giue any man three foiles on that condition.

Trim. There's three sorts of men that would thanke you for 'um, either Cutlers, Fencers, or Players.

Russ. Sir as I began, I end, wondrous welcome.

Exit Russ. Ian. Phyl. Ann.

Trim. What will you goe to schoole to day? you are entred you know: and your quarterige runs on.

Chaw. What? to the roaring schoole? pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise, I shall neuer attaine it neither: I doe wonder they haue neuer a Wrastling Schoole, that were worth twentie of your Fencing or Dancing Schooles.

Trim. Wel you must learne to roare here in *London*, you'le neuer proceed in the reputation of Gallantrie else.

Chaw. How long ha's roaring beene an exercise, thinkest thou *Trimtram*.

Trim. Euer since Guns came vp, the first was your roaring *Ch. Meg*? Then 'twas a woman was the first roarer: (*Meg.*

Trim. I, a fire of her tuch-hole, that cost many a proper mans life since that time: and then the Lyons they learn't it from the Guns, liuing so neare 'um, then it was heard to the Banckeside, and the Beares they beganne to roare: then the boyes got it, and so euer since there haue beene a company of roaring boyes.

Chaw. And how long will it last, thinkest thou?

Trim. As long as the water runs vnder *London* Bridge, or Watermen at *Westminster* stayres.

Chaw. Well, I will beginne to roare too, since it is in fashion. Oh *Corineus*, this was not in thy time, I should haue heard on't by the tradition of mine Ancestors (for I'me sure there were *Chawghes* in thy daies) if it had beene so, when *Hercules* and thou wert on the *Olimpicke* mount together, then was wrastling in request.

Trim.

Trim. I, and that Mount is now the Mount in *Cornwall*, *Corineus* brought it thither vnder one of his arms, they say.

Chaw. Oh *Corineus* my predecessor, that I had but liu'd in those dayes to see thee wraſtle; on that condition I had dyed seuen yeare ago.

Trim. Nay it should haue beene a dozen at least, yfaith, on that condition. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Captaine Ager, *with his two friends.*

Capt. Well, your wills now.

1. Our Wills? our Loues, our Duties
To honord Fortitude: What wills haue we
But your desires to Noblenesse and Merit?
Valours aduancement, and the sacred Rectitude
Due to a valourous cause.

Capt. Oh thats not mine.

2. Warre ha's his court of Iustice, that's the field,
Where all cases of Manhood are determinde,
And your case is no meane one.

Capt. True, then 'twere vertuous:
But mine is in extreames, fowle and vniuſt;
Well, now y'aue got me hither, y'are as far
To seeke in your desire, as at first minute:
For by the strength and honor of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrell.

1. How? not in this? be not so rath a sinner:
Why sir, doe you euer hope to fight agen then?
Take heede on't, you must neuer looke for that,
Why the vniuersall flocke of the worlds iniurie,
Will be too poore to find a quarrell for you:
Giue vp your right and title to desert, sir,
If you faile vertue here, she needes you not
All your time after, let her take this wrong,
And neuer presume then to serue her more;

Bid farewell to the iuttgritie of armes,
And let that honourable name of Souldier
Fall from you like a flowered wreath of Lawrell
By Thunder strucke from a defaced forehead,
That weares anothers right by vsurpation:
Good Captaine, do not wilfully cast away
At one houre all the fame your life has won:
This is your native seate, here you would seeke
Most to preserue it, or if you should doate
So much on life (poore life) which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darkenesse)
That you will proue neglectfull of your selfe,
Which is to me too fearefull to imagine,
Yet for that vertuous Ladies cause (your mother)
Her Reputation, deere to Noblenesse
As grace to penitence, whose fayre memorie,
Een crownes fame in your issue, for that blessednesse,
Giue not this ill place, but in spite of hell,
And all her base feares, be exactly valiant.

Capt. Oh—

2. Why, well said, theres fayre hope in that,
Another such a one.

Capt. Came they in thousands?
Tis all against you.

1. Then poore friendlesse wretch,
Heauen be good to thee, thy professor leaues thee:

Enter Colwell and his two friends.

Hee's comd, do but you draw, wee'le fight it for you.

Capt. I know too much to grant that.

1. O dead manhood!
Had euer such a cause so faint a seruant?
Shame brand me if I do not suffer for him.

Cole. I'ue heard sir, ya'ue bin guiltie of much boasting,
For your braue earlines at such a meeting,
Y'aue lost the glorie of that way this morning:
I was the first day.

Capt. So were you ouer.

In my respect sir.

1. O most base *Preludium!*

Capt. I neuer thought on Victory our Mistres
With greater reuerence then I haue your worth,
Nor euer lou'd her better.

1. Slight, I could knocke his braines about his heeles,
mee thinkes.

2. Peace, prithee peace!

Capt. Successe in you has beene my absolute ioy,
And when I haue wisht content, I haue wisht your friend.

1. Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little,
Theres Lawyers bloud in't, you shall see foule geare straight.

2. Come you are as mad now, as hee's couardous.

Col. I came not hither sir for an *Encomium*

1. No, the more Coxcombe he, that claw's the head
Of your vaine glory with't!

Col. I came prouided
For Stormes and Tempests, and the fowlest Season
That euer Rage let forth, or blew in wildnesse
From the incensed prison of mans bloud.

Capt. Tis otherwise with me, I come with Mildnesse,
Peace, constant Amitie, and calme Forgiuenes,
The weather of a Christian and a friend.

1. Giue me a valiant Turke, though not worth ten pence,

Cap. Yet sir, the world will iudge the iniury mine, (rather.
Insufferable mine, mine beyond iniurie,
Thousands haue made a lesse wrong reach to hell,
I, and reioyc'st in his most endlesse vengeance,
(A miserable triumph, though a iust one)
But when I call to memory our long friendship
Me thinkes it cannot be too great a wrong,
That then I should not pardon, why should mans
For a poore hasty syllable or two,
(And vented onely in forgetfull fury)
Cheine all the hopes and riches of his soule
To the reuenge of that, dye, lost for euer:
For he that makes his last peace with his Maker,

In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same returne againe,
Whose venture is deceitfull: Must he not sir?

Col. I see what I must do, fairely put vp agen:
For here'le be nothing done, I perceiue that.

Cap. What shall be done in such a worthlesse businesse:
But to be sorrie, and to be forgiuen.
You sir to bring repentance, and I pardon.

Col. I bring repentance sir?

Capt. If it be too much!
To say Repentance: call it what you please sir:
Change your owne word, I know you are sorrie for't, and that's

Col. I sorrie? by fatned honour I am wronged for good.
Doe you seeke for peace, and draw the quarrell larger?

Capt. Then tis: I see sorrie that I thought you so.

1. A Captaine, I could gnaw his title of.

Capt. Nor is it any misbecomming vertue, sir,
In the best thanlines to repent a wrong,
Which made me bold with you.

1. I could cuff his head off,

2. Nay spith.

1. Pox on him, I could rate his buttocke bake me thinks.

Col. So, once agen take thou thy peacefull rest then,
But as I put thee vp: I must proclaime
This Captaine here, both to his friends and mine,
That onely came to set faire valour righted, *Offers to go*
A base submisse coward, so I leaue him. *away.*

Capt. Oh, heauen has pitied my excessiue patience,
And sent me a cause: now I haue a cause:
A coward I was neuer:— Come you backe sir?

Col. How?

Capt. You left a coward here?

Col. Yes sir, with you.

Capt. Tis such a base mettall sir; it will not be taken,
It must home agen with you.

2. Should this be true now,

1. Impossible, coward do more then ha'stated?

Col. I prithee mocke me not, take heed you do not,
For if I draw once more, I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me doe what will grieue honour.
Capt. Ha, ha, ha.
Col. He smiles, dare it be he? what thinke you Gentlemen?
Your iudgements, shall I not be cussend in him?
This cannot be the man? why he was bookish,
Made an inuective lately against fighting,
A thing in troth that mou'de a little with me,
Put vp a fowler contumely far
Then thousand cowards came to, and grew thankefull.
Capt. Blessed remembrance in time of need?
I'de lost my honour else.
2. Do you note his ioy?
Capt. I neuer felt a more seuere necessitie,
Then came thy excellent pittie. Not yet ready?
Haue you such confidence in my iust manhood;
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the tolleration of mans vertue,
Why? would you be more cruell then your iniury?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then thinke me
Not worth your fury, do not vse me so:
I shall deceiue you then: sir, either draw,
And that not sleightingly, but with the care
Of your best preseruation; with that watchfulnes,
As you'd defend your selfe from circuler fire,
Your sins rage, or her Lord this will require it,
Or you'le be too soone lost for Pue an anger
Has gathered mightie strength against you: mightie;
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and Fayre.
Col. I'le ventur'te once agen.
And if't be but as true, as it is wondrous,
I shall haue that I come for; Your leaue Gentlemen.
1. If he should doo't indeed, and deceiues all now:
Stay, by this hand he offers; fights yfaith.
Fights: by this light he fights sir.

2. So me thinkes sir.

1. An absolute Punto shey.

2. 'Twas a Passado sir.

1. Why let it passe, and 'twas, I'me sure, t'was somwhat.
Whats that now?

2. Thats a Punto.

1. O goe to then,
I knew twas not farre off: What a worlds this?
Is coward a more stirring meare then bastard, my Masters?
Put in more egges for shame when you get children,
And make it true Court custard. —Ho? I honor thee:
Tis right and fayre, and he that breathes against it,
He breathes against the iustice of a man,
And man to cut him off: tis no iniustice.
Thanks, thanks, for this most vnexpected noblenes.

Capt. Truth neuer fayles her seruant, sir, nor leaues him
With the daies shame vpon him.

1. Th'ast redeemde
Thy worth to the same height twas first esteemde.

Exeunt Captaine and his friends.

Col. 1. *Friend.* Alasse, how is it sir: giue vs some hope
Of your stay with vs: Let your spirit be seene
Aboue your fortune, the best fortitude
Ha's been of Fate ill friended: Now force your Empire,
And raigne aboue your blood, spite of deiection,
Reduce the Monarchie of your abler mind,
Let not flesh streighten it.

Col. Oh, iust Heauen has found me,
And turnde the strings of my too hastie Iniuries
Into my owne blood. I pursude my ruine,
And vrgde him past the patience of an Angell.
Could mans reuenge extend beyond mans life:
This would ha' wak't it. If this flame will light me
But till I see my sister: tis a kinde one.
More I expect not from't, Noble deseruer:
Farewell most valiant, and most wrong'd of men, *Exeunt,*
Do but forgiue me, and I am Victor then. *led by them.*

Enter

Enter Physitian, Iane, Anne, Dutch Nurse with the child.

Phys. Sweet Fro, to your most indulgent care,
Take this my hearts ioy. I must not tell you,
The valew of this iewell in my bosome.

Nur. Dat you may vell, sir, der cannot forstoore you.

Ph. Indeed I cannot tell you, you know Nurse,
These are aboue the quantitie of prise,
Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
But in the fruit and branches? The old stocke
Must decay, and sprigs, syens such as these
Must become new stockes from vs to glorie,
In their fruitfull issue, so we are made
Immortall on by other.

Nur. You spreke a most lieben sader, and Ick sall do de best of tender Nurses to dis Infant, my prettie Frokin.

Ph. I know you will be louing, here sweet friend, *Giue money.*
Heere's earnest of a large summe of loue and coyne,
To quit your tender care.

Iane. I haue some reason too, *Giues her money.*
To purchase your deare care vnto this Infant.

Nur. You be de witnesse of de Baptime, dat is, as you spreken; de godimother, ick vell forstoor it so.

Ian. Yes, I am the bad mother: If it be offence. *Aside.*

Ann. I must be a little kinde too. *Giues her money.*

Nur. Much tankes to you all: dis child is much belouen: and Ick sall see much care ouer it.

Ph. Farewell good sister: Show her the way forth,
I shall often visite you, kind Nurse.

Nur. You sall be velcome. *Exeunt Anne, and Nurse.*

Ian. Oh sir, what a friend haue I found in you?
Where my poore power shall stay in the requitall,
Your selfe must from your fayre condition
Make vp in meere acceptance of my will.

Ph. Oh, pray you vrge it not, we are not borne
For our selues onely, selfe loue is a sinne,
But in our louing donatiues to others,
Mans vertue best consists, loue all begets,

Without, all are adulterate and counterfeit.
Ian. Your boundlesse loue I cannot satisfie,
But with a mentall memory of your vertues,
Yet let me not ingage your cost withall,
Beseech you then take restitution
Of paines and bountie which you haue disburst
For your poore debter.
Ph. You will not offer it:
Doe not esteeme my loue so mercenary,
To be the hyre of coyne? Sure, I shall thinke
You doe not hold so worthily of me
As I wish to deserue.
Ian. Not recompence!
Then you will begger me with too much credit,
If not sufficient, you preserue my name,
Which I had forfeited to shame and scorne:
Couer my vices with a vaile of loue,
Defend and keepe me from a fathers rage,
Whose loue yet infinite (not knowing this)
Might (knowing) turne a hate as infinite:
Sure he would throw me euer from his blessings,
And cast his curses on me: yes, further,
Your secresie keepes me in the state of woman:
For else what husband would chuse me his wife:
Knowing the honour of a Bride were lost.
I cannot number halfe the good you do me,
In the concealde retention of my sinne,
Then make me not worse then I was before.
In my ingratitude, good sir.
Ph. Agen.
I shall repent my loue (if you'le so call't)
To be made such a Hackney, giue me coyne?
I had as leaue you gaue me poyson (Lady)
For I haue Art and Antidotes gainst that,
I might take that, but this I will refuse.
Ian. Well you then teach me how I may requite you,
In some small quantitie.

Phys.

Phyſ. Twas that I look't for. *Aside.*
Yes, I will tell you Lady a full quittance,
And how you may become my Creditreſſe.
Ian. I beſeech you do ſir.
Ph. Indeed I will Lady,
Not in coyne, Miſtres, for ſiluer though white,
Yet it drawes blacke lines: it ſhall not rule my palme
There to marke forth his baſe corruption:
Pay me agen in the ſame qualitie
That I to you tendred, thats loue for loue:
Can you loue me Ladie? you haue confeſt
My loue to you.
Ian. Moſt amply.
Ph. Why faith then,
Pay me backe that way.
Ian. How do you meane, ſir?
Ph. Tuſh, our meanings are better vnderſtood
Then ſhifted to the tongue, it brings along
A little blabbing bloud into our cheekes,
That ſhames vs when we ſpeake.
Ian. I vnderſtand you not.
Ph. Fie, you doe, make not your ſelfe ignorant
In what you know, you haue tane forth the leſſon
That I would read to you.
Ian. Sure then I need not,
Read it agen, ſir.
Ph. Yes, it makes perfect,
You know the way vnto *Achillis* ſpeare,
If that hurt you, I haue the cure you ſee.
Ian. Come, y'are a good man, I do perceiue you:
You put a tryall to me, I thanke you,
Y'are my iuſt Confeſſor, and beleeue me,
I'le haue no further penance for this ſinne,
Conuert a yeare vnto a laſting euer,
And call't *Apollos* ſmile, 'twas once then neuer.
Ph. Pray you miſtake me not, indeed I loue you.
Ian. Indeed, what deed?

Phyſ. The deed that you haue done.
Iane. I cannot beleiue you.
Phyſ. Beleiue the deed then.
Iane. Away, y'are a Blackamore, you loue me?
I hate you for your loue: Are you the man
That in your painted outſide ſeem'd ſo white?
Oh, y'are a foule diſſembling Hypocrite.
You ſau'd me from a thiefe that your ſelfe might rob me,
Skin'd ore a greene wound to breed an vlcer.
Is this the practiſe of your Phyſicke Colledge?
Phyſ. Haue you yet vtter'd all your niceneſſe forth?
If you haue more, vent it, certes I thinke
Your firſt grant was not yeelded with leſſe paine,
If 'twere, you haue your priſe, yeeld it againe.
Iane. Pray you, tell me ſir, (I ask't it before)
Is it a practiſe 'mongſt you Phyſitians.
Phyſ. Tuſh, Thats a ſecret, We caſt all waters.
Should I reueale, you would miſtruſt my counſell:
The Lawyer and Phyſitian here agrees
To women Clients they giue backe their fees,
And is not that kindneſſe?
Iane. This for thy loue, *Spits,*
Out, outſide of a man: thou Cynamon tree,
That but thy Bark'haſt nothing good about thee;
The Vnicorne is hunted for his horne,
The reſt is left for carion: Thou falſe man,
Tha'ſt fiſht with ſiluer hookes and golden baites:
But I'le auoyde all thy deceiuing ſleights.
Phyſ. Doe what you liſt, I will do ſomthing too:
Remember yet what I haue done for you,
Y'aue a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged.
Ere you grow old: old men will deſpiſe you:
Thinke on your Grandam *Helen* the faireſt Queene
When in a new glaſſe ſhe ſpied her old face:
She (ſmiling) wept to thinke vpon the change.
Take your time, y'are craz'd, y'are an apple falne
From the tree, if you be kept long, you'le rot.

Stu-

Studie your answere well, yet I loue you.
If you refuse I haue a hand aboue. *Exit. Phys.*
Iane. Poyson thy selfe, thou foule Empoysoner:
Of thine owne practique drinke the *Theorie.*
What, a White Deuill haue I met withall?
What shall I doe? What do? i'st a question?
Nor shame, nor hate, nor feare, nor lust, nor force
(Now being too bad) shall euer make me worse.
Enter Anne.
What haue we here? a second spirit.
Anne. Mistresse,
I am sent to you. *Iane.* Is your message good?
Anne. As you receiue it, my brother sent mee,
And you know he loues you.
Iane. I heard say so;
But 'twas a false report.
Anne. Pray pardon me, I must doe my message,
Who liues (commanded) must obey his Keeper.
I must perswade you to this act of woman.
Ian. Woman! of Strumpet.
An. Indeed of Strumpet,
He takes you at aduantage of your fall,
Seeing you downe before.
Ian. Curse on his fained smiles.
An. Hee's my brother Mistresse, and a curse on you.
If ere you blesse him with that cursed deed,
Hang him, poyson him, he held out a Rose,
To draw the yeelding sence, which come to hand
He shifts, and giues a canker.
Ian. You speake well yet.
An. I, but Mistresse, now I consider it,
Your reputation lyes at his mercy,
Your fault dwels in his breast, say, he throw it out,
It will be knowne, how are you then vndone?
Thinke on't, your good name, and they are not to be solde,
In euery market, a good name's deare,
And indeed more esteemed then our actions,

By which we ſhould deſerue it.

Ian. Aye me moſt wretched.

An. What? do you ſhrinke at that?
Would you not weare one ſpot vpon your face,
To keepe your whole body from a leproſie,
Though it were vndiſcouerd euer, hang him,
Feare him not. Horſeleeches ſucke out his corrupt bloud,
Draw you none from him, leſſe it be pure and good.

Ian. Do you ſpeake your ſoule?

An. By my ſoule doe I.

Ian. Then yet I haue a friend; but thus exhort me,
And I haue ſtill a collumbe to ſupport me. (forgot,

An. One fault Heauen ſoone forgiues, and tis on earth
The Moone her ſelfe is not without one ſpot. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lady Ager, meeting one of her ſeruants.

Lady. Now ſir, where is he? ſpeake, why comes he not?
I ſent you for him; bleſſe this fellowes ſences:
What has he ſeene? a ſoule nine houre entrancſt,
Houering twixt hell and heauen, could not wake gaſtlier.

Enter Seruant.

Not yet returne an anſwere? What ſay you ſir?
Where is he?

2. *Ser.* Gon?

Lady. What ſayſt thou?

2. *Ser.* He is gone Madame.
But as we heard, vnwilling he went
As euer bloud enforc't. *La.* Went, whether went he?

2. *Ser.* Madame, I feare, I ha ſaid too much already.

La. Theſe men are both agreed, ſpeake, whither went he?

2. *Ser.* Why to—I would you'd thinke the reſt your ſe fe (Madame.

Lady. Meeke Patience bleſſe me.

2. *Ser.* To the field.

1. *Ser.* To fight, Madame.

Lady. To fight!

1. *Ser.* There came two vrging Gentlemen,
That cal'd themſelues his ſeconds, both ſo powerfull,
As tis reported they prenailde with him,
With little labour.

Lady

La. O hee's loſt, hee's gone,
For all my paines, hee's gone; two meeting torrents
Are not ſo mercileſſe as their two rages,
Hee neuer comes agen, wretched affection?
Haue I belied by faith? iniur'd my goodnes?
Slandred my honour for his preſeruation?
Hauing but onely him: and yet no happier.
Tis then a iudgement plaine, truths angry with me,
In that I would abuſe her facred whiteneſſe,
For any worldly temporall reſpects
Forgiue me then thou glorious womans vertue,
Admir'd where ere thy habitation is,
Eſpecially in vs weake ones: Oh forgiue me.
For tis thy vengeance this, to belie truth,
Which is ſo hardly ours, with ſuch paine purchas'd
Faſtings, and prayers, continence and care,
Miſerie muſt needs enſue. Let him not die
In that vnchaſt beliefe of his falſe birth,
And my diſgrace: What euer Angell guides him,
May this requeſt be with my teares obtaind,
Let his ſoule know, my honour is vnſtaind,
Runne, ſeeke, away, if there be any hope, *Exeunt Seru.*
Let me not looſe him yet; when I thinke on him,
His deereneſſe, and his worth, it earnes me more,
They that know riches tremble to be poore.
My paſſion is not euery womans ſorrow,
She muſt be truely honeſt feeles my griefe,
And onely knowne to One, if ſuch there be,
They know the ſorrow that oppreſſeth mee. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter the Colonels Second, Vſher, &c. with Chaugh and Trim.

Second. Truth ſir, I muſt needs blame you for a Trewant, hauing but one leſſon read to you and neglect ſo ſoone? fye, I muſt ſee you once a day at leaſt.

Chaugh. Would I were whipt Tutor if it were not long of my man *Trimtram* here.

Trim. Who, of me?

Chau. Tak't vpon thee *Trim.* Ile giue thee fiue shillings, as I am a Gentleman.

Trim. Ile see you whipt first: well, I will too; faith sir, I saw he was not perfect, and I was loth hee should come before to shame himselfe.

Sec. How? shame sir? is it a shame for Schollers to learne? Sir, there are great Schollers that are but slenderly read in our profession: sir, first it must be *Oeconomicall*, the *Oecumenicall*; shame not to practise in the house how to performe in the field: the naile that is driuen takes a little hold at the first stroke, but more at the second, and more at the third, but when tis hone to the head, then tis firme.

Chau. Faith I haue beene driuing it home to the head this two dayes.

Trim. I helpt to hammer it in as well as I could too sir.

Sec. Well sir, I will heare you rehearse anon, meane time peruse the exemplary of my bills, and tell mee in what language I shall roare a Lecture to you; or ile read to you the Mathematicall science of Roaring.

Chau. Is it Mathematicall?

Sec. Oh sir, does not the windes roare? the Sea roare? the Welkin roare? indeed, most things doe roare by nature, and is not the knowledge of these things Mathematicall?

Cha. Pray proceed sir. *reads his bill*

Sec. The names of the languages, the *Sclauonian*, *Parthamenian*, *Barmecothian*, *Tiburnian*, *Wappinganian*, or the moderne *Londonian*. Any man or woman that is desirous to roare in any of these languages, in a weeke they shall bee perfect, if they will take paines; so let 'um repaire into Holborne to the signe of the Cheat loafe.

Chau. Now your bill speakes of that, I was wondring a good while at your signe, the loafe lookes very like bread yfaith, but why is it called the Cheate loafe?

Sec. This house was sometimes a Bakers sir, that serued the Court where the bread is called cheate.

Trim. I, I, twas a Baker that cheated the Court with bread.

Sec. Well sir, choose your languages: and your Lectures shall be read betweene my Vsher and my selfe, for your better instruction, prouided your conditions bee performed in the premisses beforesaid.

Chau. Looke you sir, theres twentie pound in hand, and twentie more I am to pay when I am allowed sufficient Roarer.

Sec. You speake in good earnest sir.

Chau. Yes faith doe I *Trimtram* shall be my witnesse.

Trim. Yes indeed sir, twentie pound is very good earnest.

Vsh. Sir one thing I must tell you belongs to my place, you are the youngest Scholler, and till another comes vnder you, there is a certaine garnish belongs to our Schoole, for in our practise we grow to quarrell: then there must be wine ready to make all friends, for thats the end of Roaring, tis valiant, but harmelesse, and this charge is yours.

Chau. With all my heart yfaith, and I like it the better: because no bloods comes on it, who shall fetch?

2. *Roar.* Ile be your Spanniell sir.

Sec. Bid Vapor, bring some Tobacco too.

Chau. Doe and heer's money for't. *Exit* 2. *Roarer.*

Vsh. No, you shall not, let me see the mony: so, Ile keepe it, and discharge him after the Combat, for your practise sake, you and your man shall roare him out on't, (for indeed you must pay your debt so: for thats one of the maine ends of Roaring) and when you haue left him in a chafe, then Ile qualifie the Rascall.

Chau. Content yfaith *Trim.* weele Roare the rusty Rascall out of his Tobacco.

Trim. I and he had the best Craccus in London.

Sec. Obserue Sir, wee could now roare in the Slauonian Language, but this practise hath beene a little sublime: some hayres breadth or so aboue your Caput, I take it for your vse and vnderstanding, both it were fitter for you to tast the moderne assault, only the Londonian Roare.

Chau. Yfaith sir, that's for my purpose, for I shall vse all my

roaring heere in *London*: in *Cornwall* wee are all for wrastling, and I doe not meane to trauell ouer sea to roare there.

Sec. Obserue then sir, but it were necessary you tooke forth your tables, to note the most difficult points for the better assistance of your memory.

Chaw. Nay sir, my man and I keepe two Tables.

Trim. I sir, and as many trenchers, cattes meat, and dogs meat enough.

Sec. Note sir, --Dost thou confront my *Cyclops*?

Vsh. with a *Briareus Brousted*?

Chau. *Cyclops*. Trim. *Briareus*.

Sec. I know thee and thy lineall pedegree,

Vsh. It is Collateral: as *Brutus* and *Posthumus*.

Trim. Brutus.

Chaw. Posthumus.

Sec. False as the face of *Hecate*; thy sister is a——

Vsh. What is my Sister Centaure?

Sec. I say thy Sister is a Bronstrops.

Vsh. A Bronstrops?

Chaw. Tutor, Tutor, ere you goe any further, tell me the English of that, what is a *Bronsterops* pray.

Sec. A *Bronsterops* is in English a *Hippocrene*.

Chaw. A *Hippocrene*, note it *Trim*. I loue to vnderstand the English as I goe.

Trim. Whats the English of *Hippocrene*?

Chaw. Why *Bronsterops*?

Vsh. Thou dost obtrect my flesh and blood.

Sec. Agen, I denounce, thy sister is a fructifer,

Chaw. What's that Tutor?

Sec. That is in English a *Fucus* or a *Minotaure*.

Chaw. A *Minotaure*?

Sec. A *Fucus*.

Vsh. I say thy mother is a *Calibut*, a *Panagrus*, a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus*.

Sec. Dislocate thy *Bladud*.

Vsh. *Bladud* shall coniure, if his Dæmons once appeare.

Enter 2. Rosers with Wine, and Vapor with Tobacco.

Sec. Aduance thy respondencie.

Chau. Nay good Gentleman, doe not fall out, a cup of wine quickly *Trimtram*.

Vsh. See my steele hath a glisten.

Chau. Pray wipe him, and put him up again good Vsher.

Vsh. Sir at your request I pull downe the Flag of defiance.

Sec. Giue me a boule of Wine, my fury shall be quencht, here Vsher.

Vsh. I pledge thee in good friendship.

Chau. I like the conclusion of Roaring very well yfaith.

Trim. It has an excellent conclusion indeed, if the Wine be good, alwayes prouided.

Sec. O the wine must be alwaies prouided be sure of that.

Vsh. Else you spoyle the conclusion, and that you know crownes all.

Chau. Tis much like wrastling yfaith: for we shake hands ere we begin: now thats to auoid the Law, for then if hee throw him a furlong into the ground, hee cannot recouer himselfe vpon him, because twas done in cold friendship.

Seco. I beleeue you sir.

Chau. And then we drink afterwards, iust in this fashion, wrestling and Roaring are as like as can be yfaith, euen like long sword and halfe pike.

Sec. Nay they are reciprocall if you marke it, for as there is a great Roaring at Wrestling: so there is a kinde of wrestling and contention at Roaring.

Chau. True yfaith, for I haue heard um roare from the six Windmilles to *Islington*: those haue beene great falls then.

Ser. Come, now a briefe rehearsall of your other daies lesson, betwixt your man and you, and then for to day we breake vp schoole.

Chau. Come, *Trimtram*; if I be out Tutor, Ile be bold to looke in my tables, because I doubt I am scarce perfect.

Ser. Well, well, I will not see small faults.

Chau. The wall.

Trim. The wall of mee, to thy kennell spannell.

Chau. Wilt thou not yeeld precedencie?

Trim. To thee, I know thee and thy broode

Chau. Know'st thou my brood, I know thy brood to,

thou art a Rooke.

Trim. The nearer a kinne to the Chaughes?

Chau. The Rookes a kin to the Chaughis?

Sec. Very well maintain'd.

Chau. Dungeoer, thou lieſt.

Trim. Lie, enucleate the kernell of thy ſcabberd.

Cha. Now if I durſt draw my ſword, twere valiant yfaith.

Sec. Draw, draw, howſoeuer.

Ch. Haue ſome wine ready to make vs friends I pray you.

Trim. Chaugh, I will make thee flie and roare.

Chau. I will roare if thou ſtrik'ſt me.

Sec. So tis ynough, now conclude in wine, I ſee you will proue an excellent practiſioner: woundrous well perform'd on both ſides:

Chau. Heere *Trimtram* I drinke to thee.

Trim. Ile pledge in good friendſhip.

Enter a Seruant.

Is there not one Maiſter Chauogh here.

Ph. This is the Gentleman ſir.

Ser. My maiſter, ſir, your elected father in law, deſires ſpeedily to ſpeake with you.

Cha. Friend I will follow thee, I would thou hadſt come a little ſooner, thou ſhouldeſt haue ſeen Roring ſport yfaith.

Ser. Sir Ile returne that you are following. *Exit ſeruant.*

Cha. Do ſo: Ile tell thee Tutor, I am to marry ſhortly, but I will deferre it a while till I can roare perfectly, that I may get the vpper hand of my wife on the wedding day, 'tmuſt be done at firſt or neuer.

Sec. 'Twill ſerue you to good vſe in that ſir.

Cha. How lik'ſt thou this Whiffler?

Pag. Very valiantly yfaith ſir.

Cha. Tuſh, thou ſhalt ſee more by and by.

Pa, I can ſtay no longer indeed ſir, who paies me for my Tobacco?

Cha. How, pay for Tobacco, away yee ſootie mouth'd piper: you ruſtie piece of Martlemas bacon, away.

Trim. Let me giue him a Marke for't.

Chau. No Trimtram, doe not ſtrike him, weele onely

roare

reare out a curse vpon him.

Trim. Well doe you begin then.

Chan. May thy Roule rot, and thy pudding drop in pieces, being sophisticated with filthy vrine.

Trim. May Sericants dwell on either side of thee, to fright away thy two penny customers.

Chan. And for thy penny ones, let them sucke thee drie.

Trim. When thou art dead, maist thou haue no other sheets to be buried in but mouldie Tobacco leaues.

Chan. And no strawings to sticke thy carkas, but the bitter stalkes.

Trim. Thy mourners, all greazie Tapsters.

Chan. With soule Tobacco pipes in their hats, in stead of rotten Rosemary: & last of all may my man and I liue to see all this performed, and, to pisse reeking vpon thy graue.

Trim. And last of all for mee, let this Epitaph bee remembred ouer thee.

Here coldly now within is layd to rot,
A man that yesterday was piping hot:
Some say he died by pudding, some by pricke,
Others by roll and ball, some teafe, all sticke
Fast in censure, yet thinke it strange and rare,
(He liu'd by smoake, yet died for want of ayre)
But then the Surgeon said when he beheld him,
It was the burning of his Pipe that kild him.

Chan. So, are you paid now Whifler?

Vsh. All this is but smoake out of a stinking Pipe.

Chan. So, so, pay him now Vsher.

Sec. Do not henceforth neglect your schooling M. *Chan.*

Chan. Call me Rooke if I doe Tutor.

Trim. And me Rauen, though my name be Trimtram.

Chan. Farewell Tutor.

Trim. Farewell Vsher.

Sec. Thus when the Drum's vnbraft, and Trumpet ceafe, Souldiers must get pay for to liue in peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Colonels Sister, meeting the Surgeon.

Sist. Oh my most worthy brother, thy hard fare 'twas, Come hither honest Surgeon and deale faithfully

With a distressed Virgin: what hope is there?

Surg. Hope, *Chillis* was scapt miraculously Lady.

Sist. Whats that sir.

Surg. *Cana vena*; I care but little for his wound ith *Oysophag.* not thus much trust mee, but when they come to *Diaphragma* once, the small *Intestines*, or the *Spynall Medull*, or ith Rootes of the *Emunctories* of the noble parts, then straight I feare a *Syncope*; the flankes retyring towards the backe, the *Vrine* bloodie, the Excrements *purulent*, and the *Dolour* pricking or pungent.

Sist. Alasse I me nere the better for this answer.

Surg. Now I must tel you his principal *Dolour* lies ith region of the Liuer, and there's both inflamation and *Tyrna-faction* feard, marry I made him a *Quadrangular plumation*, where I vsde *Sanguis Draconis* by my faith, with powders *incarnative*, which I tempred with oyle of *Hypericon*, and other liquors mundificative.

Sist. Pox a your Mundies figatiues, I would they were all fired.

Surg. But I purpose Lady to make another experiment at next dressing with a *Sarcotricke medicament*, made of *Iris* of Florence. Thus *Mastiche, Calaphena, Apopanax, Sacrocolla*:

Sist. Sacro-halter, what comfort is i'this to a poore Gentlewoman; pray tell me in plaine tearmes what you thinke of him?

Sur. Marry in plain tearms I know not what to say to him, the wound I can assure you inclines to *Paralisme*, and I find his body *Cacochimicke*: being then in feare of Feuer and inflamation; I nourish him altogether with *Vlands refrigerative* and giue for potion the iuyce of *Succola*, dissolu'd with water *Cerefolium*; I could dot no more Lady, if his best *Guiguimes* were disseuered. *Exit.*

Sist. What thankelesse paines does the tongue take,
To make the whole man most ridiculous:
I come to him for comfort, and he cyres me.
Worse then my sorrow, what a precious good
May be deliuered sweetly in few words:
And what a mount of nothing has he cast forth.

Alasse

Alasse his strength decayes: how cheere you sir,
My honourd Brother?

Colo. In soule neuer better.
I feele an excellent health there, such a stoutnes,
My inuisible enemy flies me, seeing me armde
With penitence and forgiuenes, they fall backeward,
Whether through admiration, not imagining
There were such armory in a Souldiers soule,
As pardon and repentance: or through power
Of ghostly valour? but I haue beene Lord
Of a more happy conquest in nine houres now,
Then in nine yeare before: Oh kinde Lieftenants,
This is the one warre we should prouide for,
Where he that forgiues largest, and sighes strongest
Is a tride Souldier, a true man in deed,
And winnes the best field, makes his owne heart bleed.
Read the last part of that Will sir.

1. Lieutenant reads.

I also require at the hands of my most beloued Sister, whom I make full Executrix, the disposure of my body in buriall at S. Martins i'th field: and to cause to be distributed to the poore of the same parish, fortie Marke, and to the Hospitall of maymed Souldiers a hundred: lastly I giue and bequeath to my kinde, deare, & vertuous sister, the full possession of my present estate in riches; whether it be in Lands, Lease, Money, Goods, Plate, Iewels, or what kind soeuer, vpon this condition following, that she forthwith, tender both her selfe, and all these Infeoffments, to that noble Captaine, my late Enemy, Captaine Ager.

Sist. How sir? *Colo.* Read it againe sir, let her heare it plaine.

Sist. Pray spare your paines sir, tis too plaine already.
Good sir, how doe you, is your memory perfect?
This Will makes question of you: I bestowde
So much griefe and compassion on your wound,
I neuer look't into your senses *Epilepsie*:
The sicknesse and infirmity of your iudgement
Is to be doubted now, more then your bodies,
Why is your loue no dearer to me sir,
Then to dispose me so vpon the man,

Whose furie is your bodies present torment?
The Author of your danger? one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice, doe you not feele
His wrath vpon you? I beseech you sir,
Alter that cruell Article.

Colo. Cruell sister? (forgiue me naturall loue)
I must offend thee, speaking to this woman, am I content,
Hauing much kindred, yet to giue thee all,
(Because in thee I do raise my meanes to goodnesse)
And canst thou proue so thanklesse to my bounty,
To grudge my soule her peace? it my intent
To leaue her rich, whose only desire is
To send me poorer into the next world,
Then euer Vsurer went, or politicke Statist?
Is it so burdensome for thee to loue
Where I forgiue? Oh wretched is the man
That builds the last hopes of his sauing comforts
Vpon a womans charity? hees most miserable,
If it were possible, her obstinate will
Will pull him downe in his midway to heauen,
I've wrong'd that worthy man past recompence,
And in my anger rob'd him of faire fame:
And thou the fairest restitution art
My life could yeeld him: if I knew a fairer,
I'de set thee by and thy vnwilling goodnesse,
And neuer make my sacred peace of thee:
But there's the cruelty of a fate debard,
Thou art the last, and all, and thou art hard.

Sist. Let your grieu'd heart hold better thoughts of mee.
I will not proue so sir, but since you enforce it,
With such a strength of passion I'le perform me,
What by your will you haue inioynd me to,
Though the world neuer shew me ioy agen.

Colo. Oh this may be faire cunning for the time,
To put me off, knowing I hold not long.
And when I looke to haue my ioyes accomplisht,
I shall finde no such things: that were vilde cosenage,
And not to be repented. *Sist.* By all the blessednesse,

Truth

Truth and a good life lookes for, I will doo't sir.

Colo. Comforts reward you for't, whom ere you grieue,
I know if you dare sweare I may beleiue, *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaine Ager.

Cap. No sooner haue I entrance i'this house now,
But all my ioy falls from me, which was wont
To be the sanctuary of my comforts:
Me thought I lou'd it with a renerent gladnesse,
As holy men doe consecrated Temples
For the Saints sake, which I belieu'd my mother,
But proou'd a false faith since, a fearefull heresie,
O who'd erect th'assurance of his ioyes
Vpon a womans goodnesse? whose best vertue,
Is to commit vnseene, and highest secrecie,
To hide but her owne sin, ther's their perfection,
And if shee be so good, which many faile of to,
When these are bad, how wondrous Ill are they,
What comfort I'st to fight, win this daies fame,
When all my after daies are lamps of shame,

Enter the Lady Ager.

La. Blessings be firme to me, hee's come, tis hee,
A surgeon speedily; *Cap.* A surgeon? why maddam?

Lady Perhaps you'l say tis but a little wound
Good to preuent a Danger: quick, a surgeon,

Cap. Why maddam?

Lady I, I, thats all the fault of valiant men,
Theile not be knowne of their hurts till their past helpe,
And then too late they wish for't.

Cap. Will you heare mee,

La. Tis no disparragement to confesse a wound,
I'me glad sir tis no worse, a surgeon quickly,

Capt. Maddam.

Lady Come, come sir, a wound's Honourable,
And neuer shames the wearer.

Capt. By the Iustice
I owe to honour, I came off vntouch't.

Lady I de rather beleeue that.

Capt. You beleeue truth so.

Lady. My teares prouaile then, welcome, welcome sir,
As peace and mercy to one new departed,
Why would you goe though, and deceiue me so,
When my aboundant loue tooke all the course
That might be to preuent it, I did that,
For my affections sake, goodnesse forgiue me for't,
That were my owne lifes safetie put vpon't,
Ide rather die then doo't, thinke how you vide me then,
And yet would you goe, and hazard your selfe too,
Twas but vnkindly done.

Capt. What all this Madame?

Lady. See then how rash you were and short in wisedome,
Why wrong my faith I did, slanderd my constancie,
Belyed my truth, that which few Mothers will,
Or fewer can, I did, out of true feare
And louing care, onely to keepe thee heere.

Capt. I doubt I am too quicke of apprehension, now
And that's a generall fault, when we heere ioyfully,
With the desire of longing for't, I aske it:
Why? were you neuer false,

Lady. May death come to me,
Before Repentance then?

Capt. I heard it plaine sure,
Not false at all?

Lady. By the reward of truth,
I neuer knew that deed
That claimes the name on't.

Capt. May then that glorious reward you swore by,
Be neuer failing to you, all the blessings
That you haue giuen me, since obedient custome
Taught me to kneele and aske 'um, are not valuable
With this immaculate blessing of your truth:
This is the Palme to victory.
The crowne for all deserts past, and to come,
Let 'em be numberlesse, they are rewarded,
Alreadie they're rewarded: blesse this frame
I feele it much too weake to beare the ioy on't.

Lady. Rise Sir. *Capt.* O pardon me——

I cannot

I cannot honour you too much, too long,
I kneele not onely to a Mother now,
But to a woman that was neuer false,
Yeare deare, and yeare good too: I thinke a that,
What reuerence doe's she merit tis sir such
Should be distinguisht from the prostrate sexe,
And what distinction properer can be showne,
Then honor done to her that keepes her owne.

Lady. Come sir, Ile haue you rise.

Capt. To doe a deed then, *rises.*
That shall for euer raise me: O my glory,
Why this, this is the quarrell that I lookt for;
The tother but a shift to hold time play,
You sacred ministers of preseruation,
For Heauens sake send him life,
And with it mightie health, and such a strength,
May equall but the cause, I wish no foule things,
If life but glow on him he shall know instantly
That I me resolu'd to call him to accompt for't.

Lady. Why harke you sir.

Capt. I bind you by your honor, Madame,
You speake no hinderance too's,
Take heed, you ought not.

Lady. What vnhappinesse haue I in goodnesse,
'Tis euer my desire to intend well
But haue no fortunate way in't, for all this
Deserue I yet no better of you: but to be greeud agen?
Are you not well with honest gaine of fame,
With safetie purchasd, will you needs tempt a ruine,
That auoyds you? *Exit Lady.*

Capt. No y'aue preuaild: things of this nature sprung,
When they vse action must vse little tongue.
Now sir, the newes?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Sir theres a gentlewoman,
Desires some conference with you.

Capt. How, with me?
A Gentlewoman? what is she?

Ser. Her attendant,
Deliuered her to be the *Colonels* Sister.

Capt. Oh for a storme then,
'Lasse poore vertuous Gentlewoman,
I will indure her violence with much pittie,
She comes to ease her heart good noble soule,
Tis ee'ne a charitie to release the burden,
Were not that remedie ordaind for women,
Their hearts would neuer hold three yeares together,
And heere she comes, I neuer markt so much of her.

Enter the Colonels Sister.

That face can be the mistris of no anger
But I might very well indure a month me thinkes,
I am the man speake Lady, I stand faire.

Sist. And I'me enioynd by vow to fall thus low. *She kneeles.*
And from the dying hand of a repentant
Offer for expiation of wrongs done you,
My selfe, and with my selfe all that was his,
Which vpon that condition was made mine,
Being his soules wish to depart absolute man,
In life a Soldier, death a Christian.

Capt. Oh Heauen has toucht him nobly, how it shames
My vertues slow perfection: rise deere brightnes,
I forget manners too, yo matchlesse sweetnesse.

Sist. I must not sir, there is not in my vow
That libertie, I must be receiu'd first,
Or all denyed, if either, I am free,

Capt. He must be without soule should deny thee,
And with that reuerence I receiue the gift
As it was sent me, worthy Colonel,
Has such a conquering way i'th blest things,
Who euer ouercomes, he only winnes. *Exit.*

Hem within.

Enter Captaine Albo, a Baud and a Whore.

Bau. Harke of these hard-hearted Blood-hounds: these Butchers are ee'ne as mercilesse as their Dogs, they knocke downe a Womans fame, ee'ne as it walkes the Streets by 'um.

Whor. And the Captaine heere that should defend vs,

walkes

walkes by like *Iohn* of the Apple loft.

Capt. What for interiections *Prisse*? *Hem*, *Suax*, *Vah*: let the Carnifexes scoure their throates: thou knowest there is a curse hangs ouer their bloudy heads, this yeare there shall be more Butchers Prickes burnt then of all trades besides.

Bau. I doe wonder how thou camest to be a Captaine.

Capt. As thou camest to be a Baud *Meg*, and *Prisse* to be a whore, euery day one by their deserts.

Bau. Baud, and VVhore? out you vnprofitable raskall, hast not thou beene at the new Play yet, to teach thee better manners: truely they say they are the finest Players, and good speakers of Gentlewomen of our qualitie: Baud and VVhore is not mention'd amongst 'um, but the handsomest narrow-mouth'd names they haue for vs, that some of them may serue as well for a Lady, as for one of our occupation.

Who. Prethee Patronesse, lets goe see a peece of that Play: if we shall haue good words for our mony, 'tis as much as wee can deserue yfaith.

Bau. I doubt 'tis too late now, but another time Seruant.

Capt. Let's goe now sweet face I am acquainted with one of the *Pantomimicks*, the *Bulchins* will vse the Irish Captaine with respect, and you two shall be boxt amongst the better sort.

Who. Sirra Captaine *Albo*, I doubt you are but whiteliuer'd, looke that you defend vs valiantly, you know your pennance else: Patronesse, you remember how you vs'd him once?

Bau. I seruant, and I shall neuer forget it, till I vse him so agen: doe you remember Captaine?

Capt. Mum *Meg*, I will not heare on't now.

Bau. How I & my *Amazons* stript you as naked as an Indian

Capt. Why *Meg*?

Bau. And then how I bound you to the good behauiour, in the open fields.

Who. And then you strow'd oates vpon his hoppers.

Capt. Prethee sweet face.

Who. And then brought your Ducks to nibble vpon him, you remember?

Capt. Oh, the remembrance tortures mee agen, no more good sweet face.

Ban. Well, lead on Sir: but harke a little.

Enter Chaugh *and* Trim.

Chau. Didſt thou bargaine for the bladders with the Butcher *Trim*?

Trim. I ſir, I haue um here, I'le practiſe to ſwim too ſir, and then I may roare with the water at London Bridge, ihee that roares by land and by water both, is the perfect Roarer.

Chau. Well Ile venter to ſwim too: if my father in Law gines me a good dowry with his daughter, I ſhall hold vp my head well enough.

Trim. Peace ſir, heere's practiſe for our roaring, heer's a *Centaure*, and two *Hippocrenes*.

Chau. Offer the iuſtle *Trim*. *Iuſtle*:

Capt. Ha? What meaneſt thou by that?

Trim. I meane to confront thee, *Cyclops*.

Chau. Ile tell thee what a meanes, is this thy Siſter?

Capt. How then ſir?

Cha. Why then I ſay ſhe is a *Bronſterops*: and this is a *Fucus*.

Who. No indeed ſir, we are both *Fucuſſes*.

Capt. Art thou military? art thou a Soldier?

Chau. A Soldier, no I ſcorne to be ſo poore, I am a Roarer.

Capt. A Roarer? *Trim.* I ſir, two Roarers.

Cap. Know then my freſh water friends, that I am a Capten

Cha. What, and haue but two to ſerue vnder you?

Capt. I am now retyring the field.

Trim. You may ſee that by his Bag and Baggage.

Chau. Deliuer vp thy *Panagron* to me.

Trim. And giue me thy *Sindicus*. *Capt.* Deliuer?

Ban. I pray you Captaine bee contented, the Gentlemen ſeeme to giue vs very good words.

Chau. Good wordes? I if you could vnderſtand 'um, the words coſt twentie pound.

Ban. What is your pleaſure Gentlemen?

Chau. I would *enucleate* my *Fruſtifer*.

Who. What ſayes he Patroneſſe?

Ban. He would *enoculate*: I vnderſtand the Gentleman very pithily.

Capt. Speake, are you Gentile or Plebeyan, can you giue Armes?

Chau.

Chau. Armes? I sir, you shall feele our armes presently.

Trim. Sault you the Women, Ile pepper him till he stinks agen: I perceiue what Country-man hee is, let mee alone with him.

Cap. Darst thou charge a Captaine?

Trim. Yes, and discharge vpon him too.

Cap. Foh, tis poyson to my Country, the slaue has eaten pippins: Oh shoote no more, turne both thy Broad-sides rather then thy Poope: tis foule play: my Country breeds no poyson: I yeeld, the great *O Toole* shall yeeld on these conditions.

Chau. I haue giuen one of 'um a faire fall *Trim.*

Trim. Then thus farre wee bring home Conquest: follow me Captaine, the *Cyclops* doth command.

Chau. Follow mee *Tweaks*, the *Centaure* doth command.

Bau. Any thing sweet Gentleman, wilt please you to lead to the Tauerne, where weele make all friends.

Trim. Why now you come to the conclusion.

Chau. Stay, *Trim*; I haue heard your *Tweakes* are like your Mer-maydes, they haue sweet voyces to entice the passengers: lets haue a Song, and then weele set 'um at liberty.

Trim. In the commendation of Roaring, not else Sir.

Chau. I, in the commendation of Roaring.

Bau. The best we can Gentlemen.

Sing Baud.

THen heere thou shalt resigne
Both Captaine and Commander,
That name was neuer thine,
But Apple-Squire and Pander.
And henceforth will we grant,
In pillage or in monies,
In cloathing or prouant,
What ere we get by Conies:
With a hone, a hone, a hone,
No Cheaters nor Decoyes,
Shall haue a share, but alone
The braue st Roaring Boyes.

Ban. Well, lead on Sir: but harke a little.

Enter Chaugh *and* Trim.

Chau. Didst thou bargaine for the bladders with the Butcher *Trim*?

Trim. I sir, I haue um here, I'le practise to swim too sir, and then I may roare with the water at London Bridge, hee that roares by land and by water both, is the perfect Roarer.

Chau. Well Ile venter to swim too: if my father in Law giues me a good dowry with his daughter, I shall hold vp my head well enough.

Trim. Peace, sir, heere's practise for our roaring, heer's a *Centaure*, and two *Hippocrenes*.

Chau. Offer the iustle *Trim*. *Iustle*:

Capt. Ha? What meaneth thou by that?

Trim. I meane to confront thee, *Cyclops*.

Chau. Ile tell thee what a meanes, is this thy Sister?

Capt. How then sir?

Cha. Why then I say she is a *Brousterops*: and this is a *Fucus*.

Who. No indeed sir, we are both *Fucusses*.

Capt. Art thou military? art thou a Soldier?

Chau. A Soldier, no I scorne to be so poore, I am a Roarer.

Capt. A Roarer? *Trim.* I sir, two Roarers.

Cap. Know then my fresh water friends, that I am a Capten

Cha. What, and haue but two to serue vnder you?

Capt. I am now retyring the field.

Trim. You may see that by his Bag and Baggage.

Chau. Deliuer vp thy *Panagron* to me.

Trim. And giue me thy *Sindicus*. *Capt.* Deliuer?

Ban. I pray you Captaine bee contented, the Gentlemen seeme to giue vs very good words.

Chau. Good wordes? I if you could vnderstand 'um, the words cost twentie pound.

Ban. What is your pleasure Gentlemen?

Chau. I would *enucleate* my *Fruitifer*.

Who. What sayes he Patroneese?

Ban. He would *enuculate*: I vnderstand the Gentleman very pithily.

Capt. Speake, are you Gentile or Plebeyan, can you giue Armes?

Chau.

Chau. Armes? I sir, you shall feele our armes presently.

Trim. Sault you the Women, Ile pepper him till he stinks agen: I perceiue what Country-man hee is, let mee alone with him.

Cap. Darst thou charge a Captaine?

Trim. Yes, and discharge vpon him too.

Cap. Foh, tis poyson to my Country, the slaue has eaten pippins: Oh shoote no more, turne both thy Broad-sides rather then thy Poope: tis foule play: my Country breeds no poyson: I yeeld, the great *O Toole* shall yeeld on these conditions.

Chau. I haue giuen one of 'um a faire fall *Trim.*

Trim. Then thus farre wee bring home Conquest: follow me Captaine, the *Cyclops* doth command.

Chau. Follow mee *Tweaks*, the *Centaure* doth command.

Bau. Any thing sweet Gentleman, wilt please you to lead to the Tauerne, where weele make all friends.

Trim. Why now you come to the conclusion.

Chau. Stay, *Trim*; I haue heard your *Tweakes* are like your Mer-maydes, they haue sweet voyces to entice the passengers: lets haue a Song, and then weele set 'um at liberty.

Trim. In the commendation of Roaring, not else Sir.

Chau. I, in the commendation of Roaring.

Bau. The best we can Gentlemen.

Sing Baud.

THen heere thou shalt resigne
Both Captaine and Commander,
That name was neuer thine,
But Apple-Squire and Pander.
And henceforth will we grant,
In pillage or in monies,
In cloathing or prouant,
What ere we get by Conies:
With a hone, a hone, a hone,
No Cheaters nor Decoyes,
Shall haue a share, but alone
The braueſt Roaring Boyes.

What ere we get by Gulls,
Of Country or of Citty:
Old Flatcaps or young Heyres,
Or Lawyers Clarkes so witty:
By Saylers newly landed,
To put in fair fresh waters:
By wandring Gander-mooners:
Or muffled late night-walkers. With a &c.
What ere we get by strangers,
The Scotch, the Dutch, or Irish:
Or to come nearer home,
By Maisters of the Parish.
It is concluded thus,
By all and every wretch,
To take of all their coynes;
And pay 'um backe in French. With a, &c.

Cha. Melodious *Minotaure.* *Trim.* Harmonious *Hipocrene.*
Cha. Sweet-breasted *Bronstcropt.* *Trim.* Most tunable *Twrke.*
Char. Delicious *Duplar.* *Trim.* Putrefactions *Pantagron.*
Ch. Calumnious *Calicut.* *Trim.* And most singular *Sindicus.*

Bau. We shall neuer be able to deserue these good words at your hands Gentlemen.

Capt. Shake golls with the Captaine, hee shall be thy valiant friend.

Cha. Not yet Captaine, wee must make an end of our Roaring first.

Trim. Weele serue 'um as we did the Tobacco-man: lay a curse vpon 'um, marry weele lay it on gently, because they haue vsed vs so kindly, and then weele shake gols together.

Who. As gently as you can, sweet Gentlemen.

Ch. For thee, Oh Pander: maist thou trudge till the damned soles of thy boots fleet into durt, but neuer rise into Ayre.

Trim. Next, maist thou fleet so long from place to place, till thou beest kickt out of Fleetstreet.

Chau. As thou hast liued by bad flesh, so rotten mutton be thy bane.

Trim. When thou art dead, may twentie whores follow thee, that thou maist goe a Squire to thy graue.

Capt.

Capt. Enough for me sweet faces, let me sleepe in my graue.

Cha. For thee old *Sindicus*, may I see thee ride in a Caroch with two wheeles, and drawne with one horse.

Trim. Ten Beadles running by, in stead of foot-men.

Chau. With euery one a whip, steed of an Irish dart.

Trim. Fortie Barbers Basons sounding before in steed of Trumpets.

Ba. This wil be comly indeed sweet Gentlemen Roarers.

Trim. Thy Ruffe starch't yellow with rotten Egges.

Chau. And maist thou then be drawne from Holborne, to Hounslow-Heath.

Trim. And then bee burnt to Cole-brooke for destroying of Maydenhead.

Bau. I will study to deserue this kindnesse at your hands Gentlemen.

Chau. Now for thee little *Fucus*, Maist thou first serue out thy time as a *Tweake*, and then become a *Bronstrops* as shee is.

Trim. Maist thou haue a reasonable good Spring, for thou art like to haue many dangerous foule falls.

Chau. Maist thou haue two Ruffes torne in one weeke.

Trim. May Spiders onely weaue thy Cobweb-lawne:

Chau. Maist thou set vp in Rogue Lane.

Trim. Liue till thou stink'st in Garden-Allyes.

Chau. And die sweetly in Tower-Ditch.

Who. I thanke you for that good sir Roarer.

Ch. Come, shal we goe now *Trim*, my father in law stayes for me all this while.

Trim. Nay, I le serue 'um as wee did the Tobacco-man: Ile bury 'um altogether, and giue 'um an Epitaph

Chaugh. All together *Trim*, why then the Epitaph will be accessary to the sinne: alas, he has kept the doore all his life time, for pitty let 'um lye together in their graues.

Capt. Eene as thou wilt *Trim*, and I thanke you too sir.

Trim. *He that the reason would know, let him harke,*
Why these two were buried neere Marybone Parke:
These three were a Pander, a Baud, and a Whore,
That sucke many dry to the bones before.
Will you know how they liu'd? heere they be ted,

The low Countries did euer finde 'um bred,
They liu'd by Flushing, by Sluce, and the Groyne,
Sickened in France, and dyed vnder the Line.
Three letters at last commended 'um hither.
P. was the first, who cryes out for a Pardon;
O craues his booke, yet could not reade such a hard one;
An X. was the last, which in coniunction
Was broke by Brandon, *and heere's the conclusion.*
By three trees, three letters; these three, Pander, Baude, Whore:
Now stinke below ground, stinke long aboue before.

Chau. So, now we haue done with you, remember Roaring Boyes.

Trim, Farewell *Centaure.* *Chau.* Farewell *Bronsterops.*
Trim. Farewell *Fucus.* *Exeunt* Chaugh *and* Trim.

Cap. Well *Meg*: I will learne to Roare, and still maintain the name of Captaine ouer these Launcepresadoes,

Ban. If thou do'st not, maist thou bee buried vnder the Roaring curse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Physition: Iane as a Bride.

Phys. Will you be obstinate?

Iane. Torment me not,
Thou lingring Executioner to death,
Greatest disease to Nature that striu'st by Art
To make men long a dying, your practise is
Vpon mens bodies, as men pull Roses,
For their owne relish, but to kill the flower
So you maintaine your lines by others deaths,
What eat you then by carrion?

Phys. Fie bitternesse,
Ye'ad need to candy ore your tongue a little,
Your words will hardly be digested els.

Iane. You can giue your selfe a vomit to returne 'um,
If they offend your stomacke.

Phis. Here my vow
You that are to be married to day,

Iane.

Iane. A second torment,
Worse then the first, cause vnauoydable,
I would I could as soone annihilate
My Fathers will in that as forbid thy lust.
Phys. If you then tender an vnwilling hand,
Meet it with reuenge, marry a Cuckolde.
Iane. If thou wilt marry me, Ile make that vow,
And giue my body for satisfaction
To him that should enioy me for his wife.
Phys. Goe to, Ile marre your marriage.
Iane. Doe, plague me so.
Ile rather beare the brand of all thats past,
In Capitall Characters from my Brow,
Then thinke to be thy whore or marry him.
Phys. I will defame thee euer. *Iane.* Spare me not.
Phys. I will produce thy Bastard,
Bring thee to publike pennance.
Iane. No matter, I care not,
I shall then haue a cleane sheet, Ile weare twentie
Rather then one defil'd with thee.
Phys. Looke for Reuenge.
Iane. Pursue it fully then out of his hate. *Exit Iane.*
Phys. Am I reiected, all my baites nibled off,
And not the fish caught? Ile trouble the whole streame,
And choake it in the mudde, since hookes not take,
Ile throw in nets that shall or kill or breake,
This is the Bridegroomes man, harke sir, a word.

Enter Trimtram with Rosemary.

Trim. 'Tis a busie day sir, nor I need no physicke,
You see I scoure about my businesse.
Phys. Pray you a word sir, your Maister is to be married to day.
Trim. Else all this Rosemaries lost.
Phys. I would speake with your Maister sir.
Trim. My Maister sir, is to be married this morning, and cannot be within while soone at night.
Phys. If you will doe your Maister the best seruice,
That ere you did him, if he shall not curse

Your negligence hereafter slacking it:
If he shall blesse me for the dearest friend
That euer his acquaintance met withall,
Let me speake with him ere he goe to Church.

Trim. A right Phisition, you would haue none goe to the Church, nor Churchyard till you send them thither; well, if death doe not spare you your selues, hee deales hardly with you, for you are better benefactors and send more to him then all diseases besides.

Chau. Within. What Trimtram, Trimtram?

Trim I come sir. Harke you, you may heare him, hee's vpon the spur, & would faine mount the saddle of Matrimony, but (if I can) Ile perswade him to come to you. *Exit Trim.*

Phys. Pray you doe sir: Ile reach all peeuish nicenesse
To beware the strong aduantage of reuenge.

Enter Chaugh.

Chaugh. Whos that would speake with me?

Phys. None but a friend sir.
I would speake with you.

Chau. Why sir, and I dare speake with any man vnder the vniuerse can you roare sir?

Phys. No infaith sir.
I come to tell you mildely for your good,
If you please to heare me: you are vpon Marriage?

Chau. No sir, I am towards it, but not vpon it yet.

Phys. Doe you know what you doe?

Chau. Yes sir, I haue practis'd what to doe before now, I would be asham'd to be married else: I haue seen a *Bronsterops* in my time, and a *Hippocreene*, and a *Tweke* too.

Phys. Take faire heed sir, the wife that you would marry is not fit for you.

Chau. Why sir, haue you tried her?

Phys. Not I beleeue it sir, but beleeue with all,
Shee has beene tryed.

Chau. Why sir, is she a Fructifer? or a Fucus?

Phi. All that I speake sir, is in loue to you:
Your Bride, that may be, h'as not that portion that a Bride should haue.

Chau.

Chau. Why sir? she has a thousand and a better penny.

Phys. I doe not speake of rubish, drosse, and ore;
But the refined Mettle, *Honour* sir.

Chau. What she wants in Honour, shall be made vp in Worship sir, money will purchase both.

Phy. To be plaine with you, she's naught. *draws his sword.*

Cha. If thou canst not roare thart a dead man; my Bride naught?

Phys. Sir, I doe not feare you that way, what I speake,
My life shall maintaine, I say shee's naught.

Chau. Dost thou not faare me?

Phys. Indeed I doe not sir.

Cha. Ile neuer draw vpon thee while I liue for that trick, put vp and speake freely.

Phys. Your intended Bride is a whore, thats freely sir.

Chau. Yes faith, a whor's free enough, and shee hath a conscience: is shee a whore? Foote I warrant shee has the Poxe then?

Phys. Worse, the Plague, 'tis more incurable.

Chau. A plaguie whore? a pox on her Ile none of her.

Phys. Mine accusation shall haue firme euidence.
I will produce an vnauoided witnesse,
A bastard of her bearing.

Cha. A Bastard? snailes, ther's great suspition shee's a whore then, Ile wrastle a fall with her father for putting this tricke vpon me, as I am a Getleman.

Phys Good sir mistake me not, I doe not speake
To breake the contract of vnited hearts,
I will not pull that curse vpon my head,
To separate the husband and the wife,
But this (in loue) I thought fit to reueale,
(As the due office betwixt man and man)
That you might not be ignorant of your ills,
Consider now of my premonishment,
As your selfe shall please.

Chau. Ile burne all the Rosemary to sweeten the house, for in my conscience 'tis infected: has shee drunke Bastard? if she would pisse me wine Vineger now nine times a

day I'de neuer haue her, and I thanke you too.

Enter Trimtram.

Trim. Come, will you come away sir, they haue all Rosemary and stay for you to lead the way.

Chau. Ile not be married to day *Trimtram*, has't ere an Almanacke about thee? this is the ninteenth of August, looke what day of the month 'tis. *Looke in an Almanacke.*

Trim. 'Tis tenty nine indeed sir.

Chau. What's the word? what sayes *Brewer*?

Trim. The word sir, *theres a hole in her coate.*

Chau. I thought so, the Physition agrees with him, Ile not marry to day.

Trim. I pray you sir, there will be charges for new Rosemary else, this will be wither'd by to morrow.

Chau. Make a Bon fire ont to sweeten Rosemary Lane prethee *Trim*, entreat my father in law, that might haue bin, to come and speake with me.

Trim. The Bride cries alreadie and lookes tother way, and you be so backward too, we shall haue a fine arseward wedding ont. *Exit Trim.*

Chau. Youle stand to your words, sir?

Phys. Ile not flye the house sir, when you haue need call me to euidence. *Exit Physition.*

Chau. If youle proove shee has borne a Bastard, Ile stand too't shee's a whore.

Enter Russell and Trimtram.

Russ. Why how now sonne, what causeth these delayes? All stay for your leading.

Chau. Came I from the mount to be confronted?

Russ. How's that sir?

Chau. Canst thou roare old man.

Russ. Roare? how meane you sir?

Chau. Why then Ile tell thee plainely, thy daughter is a *Bronstrops*.

Russ. A *Bronsterop*? Whats that sir?

Trim. Sir, if she be so she is a *Hippocrene*.

Chau. Nay worse, she is a Fructifer.

Trim. Nay then she is a *Furie*, a *Minotaure*, and a *Tweke*.

Russ.

Ruff. Pray you speake to my vnderstanding sir.

Chau. If thou wilt haue it in plaine termes, She is a *Cullicut*, and a *Panagron*.

Trim. Nay then she is a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus*.

Ruff Good sir, speake English to me.

Chau. All this is Cornish to thee, I say thy Daughter has drunke Bastard in her time.

Ruff. Bastard you doe not meane to make her a whore?

Chau Yes but I doe, if shee make a foole of me, He nere make her my wife, till she haue her maiden-head agen?

Ruff. A whore? I doe defie this calumnie.

Chau. Dost thou? I defie thee then.

Trim Doe you sir, then I defie thee too, fight with vs both at once in this quarrell if thou dareſt.

Chau. I could haue had a whore at Plimouth.

Trim. I or at Perin.

Chau. I, or vnder the Mount.

Trim. Or as you came, at Exill.

Chau. Or at Hoc-kye hole in Somersetshire.

Trim. Or at the hanging stones in VViltshire.

Chau. Or at Maiden-head in Barkshire: and I did come in by Maiden-head to goe out by Staines? Oh that man, woman, or child, would wraſtle with mee for a pound of Patience.

Ruff. Some thiefe has put in poyson at your eares.
To steale the good name of my child from me;
Or if it be a malice of your owne,
Be sure I will enforce a proofe from you.

Chau. Hees a Gooſe and a VVoodcocke that sayes I will not proue any word that I speake.

Trim. I either Gooſe or VVoodcocke hee shall sir with any man.

Chau. Phi-si-ti-an, *Alazanez* Phisitian.

Ruff. Is he the author?

Phis Sir, with much sorrow for your sorrowes sake,
I must deliuer this most certaine truth,
Your daughter is an honor stayned Bride,
Indeed she is the mother to a child,

Before the lawfull wife vnto a husband.

Chau. Law, thats worse then I told thee, I said shee had borne a Bastard, and he sayes she was the mother on't too.

Russ. I'me yet an Infidell against all this,
And will beleeue the Sun is made of brasse,
The Starres of amber.

Chau. And the moone of a holland cheese.

Russ. Rather then this impossibilitie, oh, here she comes.

Enter Iane and Anne.

Nay come daughter, stand at the barre of shame,
Either now quit thy selfe, or kill me euer:
Your marriage day is spoyld if all be true.

Iane. A happy misery, whose my accuser?

Phis. I am that knowesit true I speake.

Chau. Yes and I'me his witnesse. *Trim.* And I.

Chau. And I agen. *Trim.* And I agen too;
Theres foure thats enough I hope.

Russ. How can you witnesse sir, that nothing know,
but what you haue receiu'd from his report.

Cha. Must we not beleeue our Phisitians? pray you thinke
I know as much as euery foole doe's

Trim. Let me be *Trimtram*: I pray you too

Iane. Sir, if this bad man hath laid a blemish
On my white name: he is a most false one,
Defaming me for the iust deny all
Of his foule lust, nay now you shall be knowne sir.

Ann. Sir, I'me his sister and do better know him
Then all of you, giue not too much beliefe
To his wilde words, he's oftentimes mad sir.

Phys. I thanke you good sister.

Ann. Are you not mad to doe this Office,
Fie vpon your malice.

Ph. Ile presently produce both Nurse and Child,
VVhose very eyes shall call her mother, before it speakes.

Chau. Ha, ha, ha, ha, by my troth Ide spend a shilling on that condition to heare that, I thinke in my conscience I shall take the Phisician in a lye, if the Child call her mother before it can speake, Ile neuer wrastle while I liue agen.

Trim.

Trim. It must be a she child if it doe sir, and those speake the sooneſt of any liuing Creatures they say.

Cha. Baw waw, a dog will barke a Month sooner, hee's a very puppy else.

Ru. Come tel truth twixt our selues, heers none but friends
One spot a fathers loue will soone wipe off,
The truth and they trie my loue abundant,
Ile couer it with all the care I haue,
And yet (perhaps) make vp a marriage day.

Iane. Then its true sir, I haue a Child.

Ruſſ. Hast thou?
Well wipe thine eyes, I'me a Grandfather then,
If all bastards were baniſht, the Citie would be thinne,
In the thickest Terme time, well now let me alone
Ile try my wits for thee, *Richard, Francis, Andrew,*
None of my knaues within?

Enter his Seruant.

Ser. Heere's one of 'um, sir, the Guests come in apace.

Ruſſ. Doe they Dick? let 'um haue wine and sugar, weele be for 'um presently, but harke Dicke.

Chan. I long to heare this Child speake yfaith; *Trim*, I would this fooliſh Phisition would come once.

Trim. If it calls her mother, I hope it shall neuer call you father.

Chan. No, and it doe Ile whip it yfaith, and giue thee leaue to whip me.

Ruſſ. Run on thy beſt legs Dicke.

Seru. Ile be heere in a twinkling sir. *Exit Ser.*

Enter Phyſitian, Nurſe, with the Child.

Ph. Now Gentlemen, beleeue your eies, if not my tongue
Doe not you call this your Child?

Ch. Phew, thats not the point you promis'd vs the Child should call her Mother, if it doe's this Month, Ile nere goe to the Roaring Schoole agen.

Ruſſ. Whose Child is this Nurse?

Nurſe. Dis Gentlemans, so he to me readen. *Points to the*

Cha. Snailes shee's the Phisitians *Bronſtrops, Trim. Phiſitian.*

Trim. His *Fucus*, his very *Tweke*, yfaith.

Chau. A gliſter in his teeth, let him take her with a purgation to him.

Ruſſ. 'Tis as your ſiſter ſaid: you are ſtarke mad, ſir,
This much confirmes it, you haue defamed
Mine honeſt daughter: Ile haue you puniſht for't,
Beſides the ciuill pennance of your ſinne,
And keeping of your baſtard.

Phyſ: This is fine,
All your wit and wealth muſt not thus carry it.

Ruſſ. Sir *Chaugh* a word with you.

Chau. Ile not haue her yfaith, ſir, if *Trimtram* will haue her and he will let him.

Trim. Who I, ſir? I ſcorne it, if you'l haue her, Ile haue her too, Ile doe as you doe, and no otherwiſe.

Ruſſ. I doe not meane to either, this onely, ſir,
That whatſoere y'aue ſeene, you would be ſilent,
Hinder not my child of another husband,
Though you forſake her.

Chau. Ile not ſpeake a word, yfaith.

Ruſſ. As you are a Gentleman.

Chau. By theſe basket hilts, as I am a youth,
A Gentleman a Roarer.

Ruſſ. Charme your man I beſeech you too.

Chau. I warrant you ſir hee ſhall doe nothing but what I doe before him.

Enter ſeruant with Fitzallen.

Ruſſ. I ſhall moſt dearly thanke you, Oh are you come,
Welcome ſonne in law: this was beyond your hope,
We old men haue prettie conceits ſometimes,
Your Wedding daye's prepard, and this is it,
How thinke you of it?

Fitz. As of the ioyfulſt
That euer welcom'd me, you ſhew your ſelfe now
A patterne to all kind fathers: my ſweeteſt *Iane.*

Ruſſ. Your captiuity I mean't but as ſauce,
Vnto your Wedding dinner, now, I'me ſure
'Tis far more welcome in this ſhort reſtraint
Then had it freely come: *Fitz.* A thouſand fold.

Iane.

Iane. I like this well.

Chau. I haue not the heart to ſee this Gentleman guld ſo, I will reueale, I make it mine owne caſe tis a foule caſe.

Trim. Remember you haue ſworne by your hilts

Chau. Ile breake my hilts rather then conceale, I haue a tricke, doe thou follow mee, I will reueale it, and yet not ſpeake it neither.

Trim. 'Tis my duty to follow you ſir.

Chaugh ſings. Take heed in time oh man vnto thy head.

Trim. ſings. All is not gold that gliſtereth in bed.

Ruſſ. Why ſir? why ſir?

Chau. Looke toot I ſay thy Bride's a *Braunſtraps.*

Tri. And knowes the thing that men weare in their ſlops.

Fuz. How's this ſir?

Chau. A *Hipocrene*, a *Tweke*, for and a *Fucus.*

Trim. Let not fond loue with foretops ſo rebuke vs.

Ruß Good ſir.

Chau. Behold a baby of this maides begetting.

Trim. A deed of darkenes after the ſun-ſetting.

Ruſſ. Your Oath ſir.

Chau. I ſweare and ſing thy Bride has taken Phiſicke.

Trim. This was the Doctor cur'd her of that Phiſicke.

Chau. If you'le beleeue me I will ſay no more.

Trim. Thy Brides a *Tweke* as we doe ſay that roare.

Chau. Beare witnes Gentlemen I haue not ſpoke a word,
My hilts are whole ſtill.

Fuz. This is a ſweet *Epithalamium*,
Vnto the Marriage bed, a muſicall
Harmonious *Ilo*: ſir you haue wrongd me,
And baſely wrong'd me, was this your cunning fetch,
To Fetch me out of priſon, for euer
To marry me vnto a Strumpet?

Ruſſ None of thoſe words good ſir,
Tis but a fault, and tis a ſweet one too,
Come ſir, your meanes is ſhort, lengthen your fortunes,
With a faire proffer: Ile put a thouſand pieces
Into the ſcale to helpe her to weigh it vp,
Aboue the firſt dowrie. *Fuz.* Ha? you ſay, well

Shame may be bought out at a deare rate,
A thousand pieces added to her dowry.

Ruff. Theres fiue hundred of 'um to make the Bargaine,
I haue worthy guests comming, and would not delude 'um,
Say: speake like a Sonne to me.

Fitz. Your blessing sir, we are both yours, witnesse Gentlemen these must be made vp a thousand pieces, added to a first thousand for her dowry, to father that child.

Phys. Oh is it out now?

Chau. For tother thousand Ile doo't my selfe yet.

Trim. Or I, if my Maister will.

Fitz. The Bargaine's made, sir, I haue the tender
And possession both; and will keepe my purchase.

Chau. Take her eene to you with all her moueables, Ile weare my batchellors buttons still.

Trim. So will I yfaith; they are the best flowers in any mans garden, next to hartsease.

Fitz. This is as welcome as the other sir,
And both as the best blisse that ere on earth,
I shall enioy, sir, this is mine owne child.
You could not haue found out a fitter Father,
Nor is it basely bred as you imagine,
For we were wedded by the hand of Heauen
Ere this worke was begun.

Chau. At Pancridge, Ile lay my life on't.

Trim. I'le lay my life on't too, twas there.

Fitz. Some where it was, sir.

Ruff. Wa'st so yfaith sonne?

Iane And that I must haue reueal'd to you, sir,
Ere I had gone to Church with this faire groome;
But I thanke this Gentleman, he preuented me,
I am much bound vnto your malice sir.

Phys. I am asham'd.

Iane Shame to amendment then.

Ru. Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones,
But sonne, a word, the latter thousand pieces
Is now more then bargaine.

Fitz. No by my faith sir

Here's

Here's witneſſe enough on't, 'muſt ſerue to pay my fees,
Impriſonment is coſtly.

Chau. By my troth the old man ha's gul'd himſelfe, finely, well ſir, Ile bid my ſelfe a gueſt, though not a groome, Ile dine and dance, and roare at the wedding for all this.

Trim. So will I ſir, if my Maiſter does. (on't,

Ruſſ. Well ſir, you are welcome, but now, no more wordes
Till we be ſet at dinner, for there will mirth
Be the moſt vſefull for digeſtion,
See, my beſt gueſts are comming.

Enter Captaine Ager, *Surgeon, Lady* Ager, *Colonells Suſter, two friends.*

Capt. Recouer'd ſaiſt thou.

Surg. May I bee excluded quite out of Surgeons Hall, elſe, marry I muſt tell you the wound was faine to be twice Coroded, 'twas a plaine Gaſtrolophe, and a deepe one, but I cloſed the lips on't with Bandages and Surteures, which is a kind coniunction of the parts ſeparated againſt the courſe of nature.

Capt. Well ſir, he is well.

Surg. I fear'd him I aſſure you Captaine, before the Surture in the belly, it grew almoſt to a convulſion, & there was like to be a bloody iſſue from the hollow veſſels of the kidneyes.

giues him money.

Capt. Theres that, to thanke thy new's and thy Art together.

Surg. And if your worſhip at any time ſtand in need of inciſion, if it be your fortune to light into my hands, Ile giue you the beſt.

Capt. Vncle, the noble Colonells recouer'd.

Ruſſ. Recouered:
Then honor is not dead in all parts Cuſſe.

Enter Colonell with his two friends.

1. Behold him yonder ſir.

Capt. My much vnworthineſſe is now found out,
Tha'ſt not a face to fit it.

Colo. fri. Sir yonders Captaine *Ager.*

Colo. O Lieftenant the wrong I haue done his fame,

Puts me to silence, shame so consounds me,
That I dare not see him.

Capt. I neuer knew how poore my deserts were,
Till he appear'd; no way to giue requitall,
Here, shame me tastingly; doo't with his owne,
Returne this to him, tell him I haue riches
In that abundance in his sisters loue,
These come but to oppresse me, and confound
All my deseruings euerlastingly:
I neuer shall requite my wealth in her say,
How soone for vertue and an honor'd spirit,
May man receiue what he may euer merit.

Colo. This comes most happily, to expresse me better,
For since this Will was made there fell to me
The Manner of *Fitz-Hale*, giue him that too,
Hee's like to haue chardge there faire hope
Of my sisters fruitfulnesse, for me
I neuer meane to change my mistris,
And warre is able to maintaine her seruant.

1. Read there, a faire increase sir, by my faith,
He hath sent it backe sir, with new additions.

Capt. How miserable he makes me, this inforces me
To breake through all the passages of shame,
And headlong fall,

Colo. Into thine armes dea'e worthy.

Capt. You haue a goodnesse
Has put me past my answeres, you may speake,
What you please now; I must be silent euer.

Colo. This day has shewen me ioyes vnualeu'd treasure,
I would not change this brotherhood with a Monarch,
Into which blest aliance sacred Heauen
Ha's plac't my Kinsman, and giuen him his ends;
Faire be that Quarrell makes such happy friends.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.